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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 110.—Vol. IX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 10, 1906 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Miss Muriel Beaumont

A charming exponent of the *jeune fille* on the stage. Miss Beaumont is at present playing her first Shakespearean rôle, Nerissa, in Mr. Bourchier's production of *The Merchant of Venice*. In private life she is Mrs. Gerald du Maurier

No. 110.—Vol. IX. Wednesday, January 10, 1906

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

NEW FICTION

"The Secret Kingdom." By Frank Richardson. (Duckworth and Co.: 6*s.*)

"The Scar." By Francis Warrington Dawson. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Mary Stuart." Vol. IV. By A. C. Swinburne (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"With Flashlight and Rifle." By C. G. Schillings. 2 vols. (Hutchinson: 24*s.* net.)

"Lord Randolph Churchill." By Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. 2 vols. (Macmillan: 36*s.* net.)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

VOL. VIII.

The Bystander

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Random Jottings

A considerable difficulty in finding one's way about one's morning paper, owing to the random insertion of electioneering items, has been most people's experience lately. My own favourite journal has been making me giddy, somewhat after this fashion:—

POLICE NEWS.

Charged before Mr. Plowden with stealing six teaspoons and a chisel while in an intoxicated condition, Joseph Murphy, twenty-nine, bookbinder, said

["Aye, this is Toryism all over. It is cynical, it is selfish, it is incapable."—Mr. Chamberlain in 1885.]

it was a case of mistaken identity. Fourteen days.

WEATHER REPORT.

The temperature over the country generally was well above 40 degrees, and not far below 50 degrees, at any station in the West. But at the same time

["I have fought for the Unionist forces as far as in me lies. I shall continue to do so."—Lord James of Hereford.]

it would be rash to assume the present frosty spell is done with.

MOSCOW RIOTS.

Owing to the unexpected firmness of the Government, and to the fact that the soldiers, in spite of every temptation to mutiny, have remained loyal,

["Protection would spell ruin to the textile industries."—President of Board of Trade.]

the revolution here is for the present at an end.

Well, well, one gets used to it. And, after all, General Elections don't come so very often.

Election Essence

It's a wise constituency that knows its own member.

Spare the eggs and spoil the candidate.

Many pints make light heads.

Vote not at all or all in all.

Ce n'est que le Premier('s) discours que coûte.

Too many candidates spoil the poll.

Stand not upon the order of your voting, but vote at once.

It's not the promise that makes the member.

The speaker who hesitates is heckled.

Set an election agent to catch an election agent.

You may drive a man to the polling station, but you cannot make him vote.

A note in the hand is worth two in the head.

It is never too late to drink the health of the new member.

A New Craze: The Expression Lever

The automatic piano-player is in great vogue in the modern drawing-room, owing to the practice it affords for the right hand (see above)

DRAWN BY H. B. QUINAN

The political chauffeur, supplied for election purposes by an enterprising firm, is a distinctly useful innovation. Precisely what his work is I have not been able to make out. I suppose he drives electors about, and talks to them about Free Trade or Protection, according as they require information. Once at the mercy of a chauffeur, in a car capable of going at sixty miles an hour, timid or wavering electors might easily be converted to the proper view of a candidate's merits. Or if a real good argumentative talk is what is needed the political chauffeur has only to drive the argumentative man thirty miles into the country and then have a little breakdown. A couple of hours' chat under the body of a car should convince anyone that Tariff Reform or Home Rule was the thing to vote for, if he wanted to get back again that night. If the elector were obstinate, the chauffeur could run the car into a stone wall. That would make an adverse vote the less likely.

Letter-writing is said by some critics to be a dead art, but the editor of *Broad Views*, in printing a series of letters which are asserted to have been communicated after death from Lord Carlingford, may be considered to have taken too literal a view of the matter. Incidentally, the letters have come *viâ* a medium, "whose integrity is beyond question." The letters themselves are dull, but they raise some interesting points. Are they, for example, copyright? If so, does the medium hold the copyright? Or Lord Carlingford's heirs? Or who? These things ought to be settled in case any more letters from deceased persons are on their way. In the interests of living writers, I hope they are not. It would not so very much matter if the thing were confined to letters—to the *Times* or to *Broad Views*. But I see no reason why it should be. Leading articles will be the next thing, and they will be followed by novels, with circulations running to hundreds of thousands. Then what will become of Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli? The thought is a painful one.

Amateur Theatricals

(Two disappointments at last moment necessitate giving rôle of First Servant, with three lines and an exit, to a new footman, and small part of Lord to old family retainer)

FIRST SERVANT: "My lord, his Grace the Duke awaits you in the audience chamber"

LORD: "How, varlet, what is that you say?"

FIRST SERVANT: "Oh, *you* 'eard!"

It is an ever-recurring problem how to do the right thing in the right way. In his letter to the boys of Barcombe (Sussex) on the evils of smoking, Sir William Grantham said: "You think it is mannish to be seen smoking a pipe or a cigarette. It is really monkeyish." And the sentiment was duly applauded in the Press. Now the men of Barcombe are complaining that, whenever they light their pipes, some wretched little boy at once calls out "Monkey!" It is hard on the men of Barcombe, particularly as many of them cannot afford cigars.

My Lady Canvasser

I.

The dainty maid was dressed in blue,
And blue adorned her motor;
From house to house she drove to woo
The Independent Voter.
"England," she said, "of every man
His duty still expected,
And so to-day the Signal ran,
'A BLUE must be elected!'"

II.

For stronger arguments I pressed—
Eight hours, the workman's measure?
Of course, or if I'd like it best,
She'd make it SIX with pleasure!
Home Rule?—Why, that would be just right
In homes where SHE was ruler;
In others?—Well, her ardour might
Elsewhere be somewhat cooler!

III.

So sorry, but she could not state
Her views on Chinese Labour;
It DID seem hard to educate
The children of one's neighbour!
Trade certainly WAS bad, but then
Our votes must be united,
And when the BLUES were "in" again
All wrongs would soon be righted!

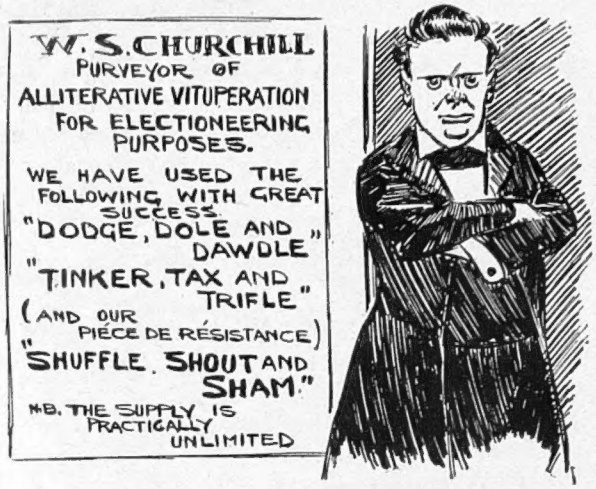
IV.

Oh! yes, the taxes WERE absurd,
And sure to cause dissensions;
Oh! no, she'd never heard a word,
She feared, of Old Age Pensions!
It's true she "failed to understand"
The Fiscal Controversy,
But when she smiled, and shook my hand,
My vote was at her mercy!

V.

Why had she come?—No party zeal
Inflamed her with ambition;
She'd tried, but really COULD not feel
For Politics a Mission;
In fact—she blushed from brow to chin—
She canvassed this Election
Because—whichever side might win—
BLUE SUITED HER COMPLEXION!

The Topictator



The New Shop

Buy, buy, buy!

On the Sky-line

(The German Army is considering the question of making the horses, as well as the men, khaki coloured. Cannot the British Army go one better?)

TRP.-SGT.-MAJOR: "Halt! Dismount and paint yerselves an' yer horses sky-blue!"

The Two Prother Showmen

J——H C——N: "Ain't he a fine little nipper, Art, this little Fiscal Question?"

A——R B——R: "Er—well, Joe, the public's a bit afraid of 'im. Now, I think this old wheeze of mine will bring better business. Let's try 'im"

Swelled head on the Rand

JOHN: "Heap cheek you adlessin' me, black feller; don't you know me plincipal plank in Ladical p'atform—me first chop menace to Blitish Empire"

What a Question?

(The Alien Act came into operation on January 1)

"Are you an Englishman?"

"Yeth, ma tear"

Last Words to Candidates' Wives

(By One Who Feels)

You have had much to bear the last few days. Dreadful people have called upon you, and you have had to call on dreadful people, and smile all the time. Perhaps you are beginning to wonder if that smile will ever wear off. It will, after a month or two, if you try hard enough, particularly if your husband does not get in after all.

He, too, has had to smile. More than is good for him. Sometimes you have wished that the electorate could see their smiling candidate as he returned home at dead of night after sixty house-to-house visits, three full meetings, six speeches, seventeen hecklers, and a free fight. Never mind. He is not always like that; he is really quite good-tempered, as men go.

A few trials still await you. Try nerve-pills, and forget about those horrid occasions when disagreeable people heckled your John, and your John lost his head, and said that he would put a tax on bacon—but not on chimney-sweeps—no, he meant a tax on maize and not on bacon, and everyone giggled, and John said that he demanded a fair hearing—to which every Englishman was entitled. And the wretched Radical rejoiced.

Forget, too, that occasion when, after you had offered to write out John's notes for him, and spent hours and hours doing it, you mixed the imports and exports (as if it mattered!), and John gave them out all wrong in his speech, and came home a raving maniac. These things will happen at election time, and if only you knew, the Radical's wife is trying to smile just as hard as you are.

What a gain John would be to his party! It is not merely your opinion. Mr. Balfour has said so. So have several of the people who spoke for John. The information has been up on all the posters for days. If he were returned, they would be sure to make him Secretary for War pretty soon, if not Prime Minister. Of course, he isn't good at speaking, and he does get muddled. But he would look awfully nice, and he could be thoroughly trusted not to rob the Treasury. You don't wish to say anything against Mr. Robinson, but could as much be said for him? And would Mrs. Robinson look as *distinguée* as you would?

But you cannot trust the electors. John tells them he can, but even he doesn't really. You can only smile at them. Well, keep on smiling. It is all you can do, until you know the results. After all, they may be favourable. And if they aren't, the electors have only themselves to thank for it. You've done your best, and no candidate's wife can do more. It will always be a moral victory.

WANTED—ELECTION JOKES

Every election has its humorous side. We invite our readers, therefore, to contribute matter dealing with the light side of the present campaign. Incidents of a humorous nature dealing with the present elections should be written on a post-card, marked "Election Joke," and addressed to "The Editor, The Bystander, Tallis Street, London, E.C." Each week **The Prize Joke will be awarded One Guinea**, and every other joke published will earn for the sender the sum of 5*s*. Name and address of sender to be written on the post-card.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Balfour kicking-off at a football match at Manchester last Saturday

The occasion upon which the ex-Premier snatched a moment from electioneering to show his interest in the sport of the nation was the match between Manchester United *v.* Grimsby. Mr. Balfour so spurred his constituents by his kick-off that they ran through their opponents, and achieved victory by five goals to nil

A Cinderella Year

SOME PLAYERS OF THE POPULAR RÔLE

Photo *Johnston and Hoffmann*
(1) Miss Ruby Forbes (Coronet Theatre)

Photo *Bassano*
(2) Miss Phyllis Dare (Royal Theatre, Newcastle)

Photo *Campbell-Gray*
(3) Mlle. Genée (in the Empire ballet)

Photo *Bolak*
(4) Miss Molly McIntyre (Brixton Theatre)

Photo *H. J. Whitlock*
(5) Miss Edith Fink (Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham)

Photo *Matzene Studio, Chicago*
(6) Miss May de Sousa (Drury Lane)

A Busy Week at the Theatres

ILLUSTRATED BY SKETCHES OF "THE HARLEQUIN KING" AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE

Wyndham's Theatre

New Year's Day commenced a very busy week; one revival and four new productions. Only Friday, day of ill-omen to managers, was passed over. First to Wyndham's to see our popular friend, *Captain Drew on Leave*. Mr. Davies seems to have made an exhaustive study of the English theatre-going public. His plays are so eminently suitable, both to the players and to the audience. Result: a success, and everyone pleased. Miss Moore excellent as the flippant, shallow worlding, Miss Mills. Sentimental interludes carefully played by Miss Marion Terry, who supplies just the right touch. Wyndham good; everyone good. Audience go away murmuring, "What a sweet play." Good.

Shaftesbury Theatre

"*THE JURY OF FATE*"

Upon the evergreen melodrama Mr. McLellan has grafted a cutting from a mystery play. The result is fantastic in the extreme. The playwright meant to give us a turn. He has not been successful. His hybrid merely inspires mild wonder. But it is only fair to say that he nearly succeeded. The first act promised well. The profligate Réné Delorme is confronted by the stranger, a shadowy gentleman with a hatchet face and a sword — quite an unpleasant person to meet. The stranger proposes to take Réné over the Styx (the use of mythological terms is to be preferred) when lo! the clouds open, or rather a portion of the farmhouse roof comes away, and there is Fate and his jury. Fate goes through the catalogue of Réné's sins; the remorse-stricken man pleads for another chance. He is allowed to live his life again. Promising material this. But it proves too colossal for the artist. Every block of marble contains a beautiful statue, but it is a business to chisel it out. A play of this kind must always hover on the border of absurdity. The situation is too strained to last. The snap comes early in the third tableau.

The Rake's Second Progress

The Rake, on his second progress, arrives at Paris on his honeymoon with Yvonne, whom he has charmed away from the honest bridge-builder, Martine. Enter Thérèse in a "confection" so ravishing as to mark her down as the wicked woman of melodrama. She coolly sends her companion away to make some dainty dish, and beckons to Réné. "You love me," she says, coldly, "but I don't love you. You shall pursue me as the child pursues the firefly." Thérèse proceeds to tell Réné that, acting on the supposition that he has broken her heart in a former life, she will avenge herself by breaking his. Rather a cool proposition to make upon first acquaintance. Miss McCarthy cannot be commended too highly for her gravity of demeanour and tone in giving expression to some exquisitely ludicrous lines. In more tableaux we see Thérèse at work. She goes to Yvonne, and explains her purpose with the infatuated Réné. She is not his mistress, but is avenging herself. At the same time she advises Yvonne to call her despicable husband names! Oh, the supreme gravity of Miss McCarthy. So stony her looks and icy her tone that she might have been playing in a Greek tragedy.

Melodrama and Mystery

Melodrama still dominates the succeeding tableaux, especially No. 6, in which there occurs the longest fight "off" I remember to have witnessed. The fight is between strikers and employés, the latter being rescued by the soldiery. Two characters bear the heat and burden of keeping up the illusion of this terrific encounter, and, at the finish, one of them said, "Thank God, we've beaten the devils" in such heartfelt tones that everyone roared. In tableau 7, the play reverts to mystery. Réné wanders through a wood and falls dead before a crucifix. Truly a most remarkable hybrid this *Jury of Fate*.

Note that clergymen of all denominations have been specially invited by the management of the Shaftesbury Theatre to witness the performance of *The Jury of Fate* at the matinée to-day (Wednesday), 10th inst.

Imperial Theatre

"THE HARLEQUIN KING"

There has been more pluck than luck about Mr. Waller's tenancy of the Imperial Theatre, so it is a matter for general jubilation that the actor-manager has got hold of a play which ought to draw good houses for many an evening to come. *The Harlequin King*, from the German of Rudolph Lothar, has none of the common faults of the "costume play." It is not melodrama swathed in silk and brocade, but a romance wearing its picturesque garb by right. One could wish this masquerade had been written in blank verse, which would fall like music upon the ear, but better good honest prose, with here and there a touch of imagery, than halting and unimaginative verse. The Harlequin who picks up the King, throws him out of the window, and reigns for a brief while in his stead, is a rôle admirably suited to Mr. Waller's personality. The little matter of the picking up is an effective piece of stage business, calling for skill and strength on the part of the performer.

A Period of Inaction

As the King, too, the actor cuts a brave figure, though it must be confessed that there is more talk than action in that portion of the play dealing with the Harlequin King. The blank verse would have come in beautifully here to tide over the period of inaction. The climax of the play — an effective one — is reserved for the last act. Harlequin, anxious to see whether the Columbina he loved is proof against a King's favour, makes love to her. She pretends to accept his proposals, meaning to kill him, because she is still under the impression he killed Harlequin. The assignation is made in her bedroom. He enters, in his proper character, to denounce the false Columbina, but his wrath melts when Columbina explains that she had listened to the proposals of the supposed King in order to murder him.

Effective, too, is the final situation, whereby the King's uncle is outwitted, and Harlequin and Columbina are permitted to depart in safety. A good first act, a good last act, and a beautiful *mise en scène*, make up a good balance on the right side. After Mr. Waller and Miss Evelyn Millard, who is dainty, sympathetic, and tragic by turns, to suit the exigencies of the rôle of Columbina, the chief acting opportunities fell to Mr. A. E. George, who gives another of his clear-cut portraits of old men, and Miss Mary Rorke. The latter lifted the rather commonplace rôle of the blind Queen-Mother on to a high plane by sheer acting.

New Royalty Theatre

On Thursday, most auspicious send-off for *La Saison Française*. Tremendous bustle of people wearing expression suitable to the occasion and to New Royalty, which is as freshly dainty as a boudoir newly finished and furnished regardless. No alterations in construction, however; entrance on prompt side of house badly needed. *La Souris* tells the adventures of one man among five women. The little mouse wins him in the end. Polished comedy, causing continual ripple of laughter. Few tears at end, when Clotilde, the elder woman, finely played by Mlle. Marcelle Lender, has to listen to the raptures of the little mouse. Every word a stab. Dainty speech by Mme. Réjane at fall of curtain. Entente Cordiale to be renewed every evening at New Royalty. *À la bonne heure!*

Prince of Wales's Theatre

"THE LITTLE CHERUB"

I hope to deal with this production next week.

E. C. S.

Where Shall We Go To-n'ght?

"BYSTANDER" THEATRE GUIDE

DRURY LANE, at 1.30 and 7.30: *Cinderella.* — The "Cooperised" Panto finds great favour with children.

HIS MAJESTY'S, at 8.15.—Shakespearean revivals until grand production of *Nero*, January 25.

HAYMARKET, at 8.30: *The Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury.* —Mr. Hawtrey amusingly indecisive about everything, from wall-papers to fiancées.

GARRICK, at 8: *The Merchant of Venice.*—Passes the one hundredth-night mark to-day (Wednesday).

ADELPHI, at 8.15: *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*—Among the best of Christmas Holiday entertainments.

ST. JAMES'S, at 8.30: *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.*—The Kailyard upon the stage. Matinées of *As You Like It* Tuesdays and Thursdays.

WYNDHAM'S, at 9: *Captain Drew on Leave.* —A most suitable play for players and playgoers.

NEW, at 8.15: *The Scarlet Pimpernel.*—Playing to crowded houses.

CRITERION, at 8.30: *The White Chrysanthemum.*—A very dainty and tuneful musical piece.

COURT, at 8.15: *Major Barbara.*—Shaw's "discussion" is still being discussed.

DUKE OF YORK'S, twice daily, at 2 and 8: *Peter Pan.*—A greater favourite than ever.

COMEDY: at 8.30, *The Little Father of the Wilderness;* at 9, *The Mountain Climber.*—Huntley Wright in a brisk farce.

ALDWYCH, twice daily, at 2 and 8: *Bluebell.*—Ellaline Terriss and Seymour Hicks in a successful revival.

LYRIC, at 8.15: *The Blue Moon.*—Go and see the stage notion of a successful journalist.

Musical pieces going strong at DALY'S, GAIETY, APOLLO.

ROUND THE TOWN

The Britisher's New Year

We still labour a long way behind the Parisian merry-maker upon the *jour de l'an*, but signs are not wanting that the Londoner can at times strike a distinct note of gaiety. Restaurant life is the chief factor of the change. It would be so *outré* to be dull and silent at a big restaurant when all one's neighbours are creating, or labouring to create, the impression that they are having the time of their life. So there is no skeleton at the New Year's feast at *the* restaurants. At Princes' everything was done, to use the slang of the hour, "top-hole." After dinner there was a concert, the names on the programme including Miss Katie Moss, soprano; Miss Florence Venning, contralto; Mr. Darren Llewellyn, the well-known Welsh baritone; and Mr. Astley Weaver, entertainer. The Walterdaw Animated Pictures were also shown by special request. After eleven o'clock the company became the guests of the establishment, and at the hour of midnight 'Auld Lang Syne" was heartily sung, followed by "God Save the King." There were high jinks, too, at the Savoy, where every lady was presented by the management with a beautiful bag of sweets. Good humour and high spirits reigned out of doors, too, under conditions which demanded more of the Mark Tapley temperament, an enormous crowd gathering according to custom to hear the New Year chimed in by the bells of St. Paul's. The New Year was not very old before the cold snap sent the revellers scampering home to bed.

Photo Numa Blanc

The King of the Belgians

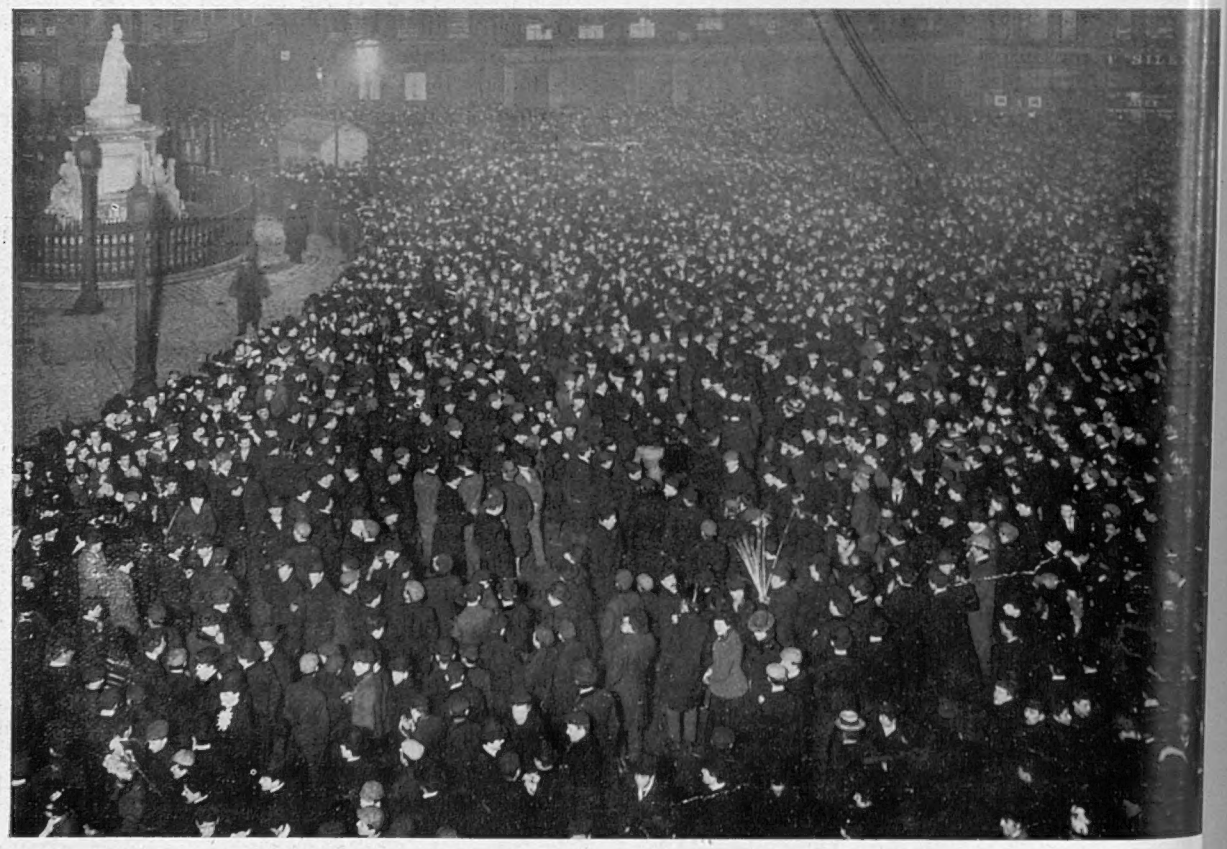
Who is rumoured to have contracted a morganatic marriage

The King of the Belgians

The joys and sorrows of the Belgian Royal Family continue to occupy a prominent position in the news of the world. It is now stated that King Leopold has contracted a morganatic marriage with the beautiful Mme. Vaughan, *née* Lacroix, daughter of the well-known Socialist Deputy for Langendolck. The wedding is said to have taken place in the private chapel at the Château de Laeken in the presence of two aides-de-camp, and the lady is now in residence on His Majesty's estates in Cape Verat, near Nice.

Princess Louise of Coburg

After the storm and stress of her married life, Princess Louise of Coburg can look to the New Year to bring her peace, now that her husband has agreed to the marriage being annulled and to pay her an allowance. Princess Louise of Belgium, at the time of her engagement to Prince Philip of Coburg, was only sixteen, and singularly pretty; her fiancé was thirteen years older than



Crowds outside St. Paul's on New Year's Eve

Singing "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King," at the witching hour of the last night of the old year

Matrimonial Troubles of Royalty

Princess Louise of Coburg, daughter of King Leopold of Belgium

The unfortunate matrimonial tangle of Princess Louise is at length in a fair way to being straightened out. Prince Philip agrees to the annulment of his marriage and to pay his wife an allowance. At the same time he expresses contrition for the sorrow he caused her by declaring she was insane, and seeking to have her shut up in a lunatic asylum

Amateur Theatricals at Chatsworth

herself and enormously wealthy, accordingly there seemed every chance of happiness for the lovely Princess, the more so that her married life was to be spent in Vienna, the town where her own mother had passed her radiant youth. Soon, however, dissensions arose between the pair. Taking advantage of the fact that the Princess's aunt, the ex-Empress of Mexico, was hopelessly insane, Prince Philip declared that his young wife was out of her mind. He took her away from her children, and had her shut up in a kind of private lunatic asylum. What followed is known to all. She was rescued from her living grave in the most romantic manner by a young Austrian officer; they escaped to Paris, where the Princess was greeted with enthusiasm, and her rescuer lauded to the skies. King Leopold's eldest daughter will now resume her maiden name, and live quietly in Paris or Brussels.

Photo *Beresford*

Lady Bell

Whose play, *Time is Money*, was performed before the Royal party at Chatsworth last week

The New Year at Chatsworth

The New Year sees the country house-party in full swing, and where there are country house-parties there will certainly be amateur theatricals. It is not surprising, therefore, to find Chatsworth the premier country house offering its guests the very best form of amateur dramatic entertainment. A feature of the theatricals this year was the inclusion of Mr. Charles Hawtrey in the cast of Lady Bell's play, *Time is Money*. Mr. Hawtrey, it is stated, found the performers every whit as keen as professionals during rehearsals. This is pleasant hearing, for it is beyond doubt that "Jack Deeds," the harassed stage manager in that delightfully ironical skit upon amateur players, *A Pantomime Rehearsal*, was drawn from life.

The Watt Case

In the intervals of the strenuous life entailed by amateur dramatics, large house-parties, bridge playing, and the omnipotence of the General Election, people are still talking about the result of the Watt case. The question which alarms people is not whether Mr. Hugh Watt, who, it will be remembered, was sentenced three weeks ago to five years' penal

Photo *Keene*

A corner of the drawing room at Chatsworth House

Mr. Horner Quite Happy

servitude for inciting to murder his wife, was guilty or not guilty, but whether it is not a most dangerous menace to the liberty of the subject if anyone should be convicted on the evidence of a lot of blackguards. It is well known that in the East, and even in the South of Italy, one can purchase evidence to swear away the life of a man for a few pounds, and it is not too much to say that the evidence of every one of the men who appeared for the Crown in the Watt case was tainted so thoroughly that they should not have been accepted unless supported by at least one reliable witness. Another point which strikes many as extraordinary is that Mr. Justice Phillimore, who, unlike his brother Judge Grantham, has his judgments respected, nevertheless, in the whole of his charge did not once insist on the all-important question of reasonable doubt. Watt was charged with three criminal offences of the same kind, and Mr. Justice Phillimore, instead of considering the evidence for each offence separately, not only took them together, but treated the evidence of each witness as corroborating that of the others. In any case, everyone agrees that the sentence of five years was far too severe, when the prosecution could not even produce any letters or written evidence against Mr. Watt to bolster up the slender evidence; while, at the same time, no attempt had ever been actually made on the lives of Mrs. Watt or Sir Reginald Beauchamp We hope that Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who now directs the Home Office, will give his careful attention to the case, or undoubtedly it is the general opinion that a miscarriage of justice has occurred.

Photo Whitlock

Mr. Justice Phillimore

Who sentenced Mr. Hugh Watt, ex-M.P., to five years' penal servitude for inciting to murder Mrs. Watt

Photo Elliott and Fry

Sir Henry Fowler

Who, in a speech last week, condemned the young men of to-day for their ignorance upon the great issues of Free Trade

Mr. Horner visits his constituents in North Lambeth

The prospective Member for the district, accompanied by Mrs. Horner, blandly pursuing his candidature as though there were no such thing as *Truth*

Sir Henry Fowler and Ignorant Youth

The young man of to-day is too used to being criticised to take umbrage at the caustic comments of Sir Henry Fowler upon his ignorance of the Fiscal Question. Young men, who have come under the lash of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and have not quailed before the epithets "muddied oaf and flannelled fool," will read Sir Henry's speech with unconcern. A young man outside the political world who announced his familiarity with the pros and cons of the Fiscal Question would be put down as a braggart. For how can youth walk confidently along a path which, judging by results, is set with pitfalls even for the professional politician?

Mr. Horner and His Constituents

Preparations for the General Election are in full swing. The London constituencies are being wooed very ardently by the Liberals, and it is probable that the tremendous disproportion of Conservatives representing the Metropolis will be largely adjusted. One of the most interesting fights is that taking place in North Lambeth, where Mr. Frederick Horner, who has lately been figuring so largely in the pages of *Truth* and in the Law Reports, is trying hard to retain his seat, although there are four other candidates of various shades of opinion contesting it; and though Mr. Horner is not even adopted by his own Party supporters, nevertheless he is to be seen driving merrily about the rather squalid neighbourhood of North Lambeth accompanied by Mrs. Horner. He drives a very smart pair-horse phaeton with a liveried groom, and Mrs. Horner charms the electorate by her winning smile. Mrs. Horner is a Brazilian lady, whose great claim to popularity, we see from *Who's Who*, is that she first introduced sun-bonnets for horses into this country.

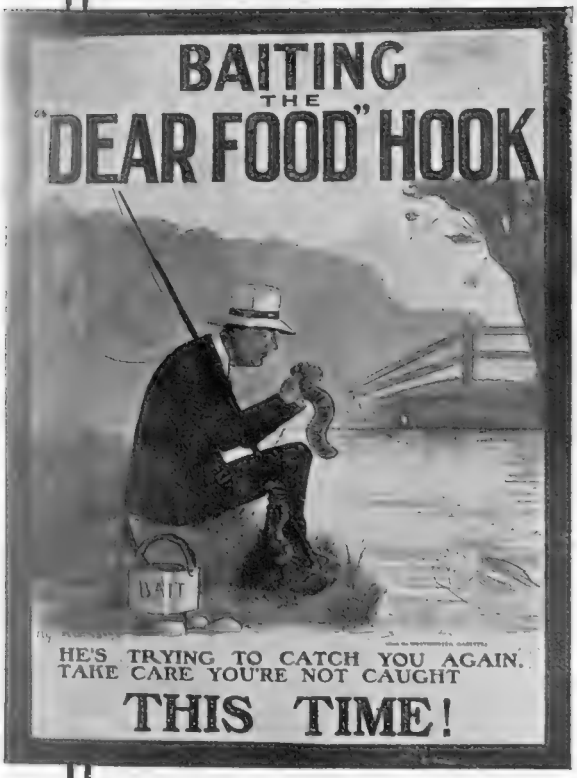
The Gambling Season at Monte Carlo

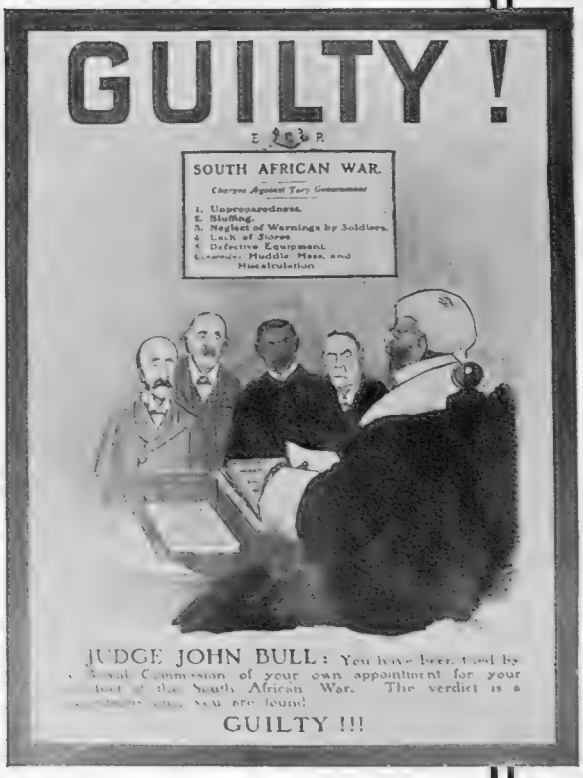
The Monte Carlo season is now in full swing, and is even fuller than usual of interest. As usual, this year has added one more to the ranks of men wit

Posters for the Proletariat

SOME CONSERVATIVE CARTOONS

Posters for the Proletariat





SOME LIBERAL CARTOONS

Breaking the Bank at Monte Carlo

methods in the guise of an "American plunger," who, it is said, "stakes series of maximums on eight numbers, aggregating on each coup 6,000 francs," as a result of which scheme he netted in three days the sum of £27,000.

It was not so long ago that the world was being similarly startled with accounts of the wonderful work at the tables of Mr. George Wall, with his "luck machine," he having thereby performed the enviable, if rather hackneyed, feat of breaking the bank. But the episode at "Monte" which has, this winter, struck the strangest note has been the presence in the Casino, it is said, playing at the same tables, of Father Gapon on the one side and some three assorted Russian Grand Dukes on the other. The Duke with whom the revolutionary priest is supposed to have played is Boris, but their Imperial Highnesses Cyril and Michael have also been at Monte Carlo. What luck Father Gapon had is not quite known, but it is to be hoped that he finds revolutions on the roulette table more entertaining and profitable than the other kind at which he has tried his hand.

Mr. George Wall

Who, some months ago, broke the bank at Monte Carlo, with the aid of his "luck machine"

Rejecting the Alien

The Aliens Act, which struck most of us, during the warm summer days of its passage through Parliament, as a sound and just measure, loses some of its attractiveness when we see it at work in the grim reality of a bitter January. It is impossible for us to suppress a pang of personal sympathy for the "outcast alien," refused admission to our shores, and sent shivering back to the Continent, because of some technical failure to comply with the new regulations. Whatever the merits of Mr. Balfour's triumphant measure, one has the unpleasant feeling that, with its enforcement, Britain loses her grand old boast of being the only hospitable country in the world. The Act may be good business for many of us, but its working makes us feel a little less proud of ourselves than we once were.

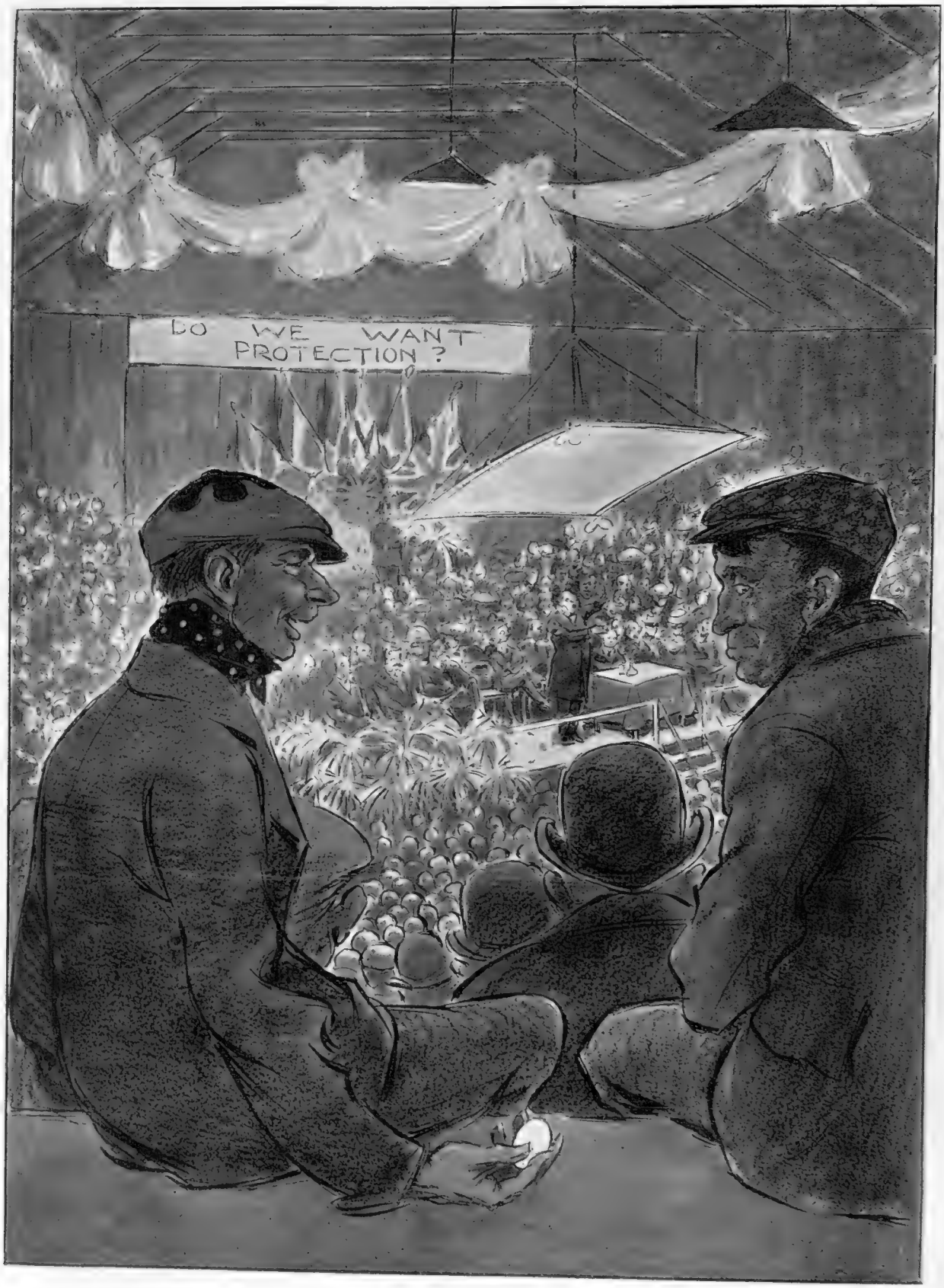
Posters for the Proletariat

The rival parties are relying more than ever this Election upon the power of the pictorial poster to knock their nostrums into the head of the bewildered proletariat, and there is not much doubt that a really good cartoon may win a seat where perspiring platform oratory would fail. What the views of the 'proletariat" are on the value of rival platform arguments is, we think, fairly shown by our sketch on page 69. On another page we print some specimens of rival poster wit, leaving to our readers the task of deciding on their powers of appeal, and hoping that they will vote accordingly.

Photo] **The first aliens to land in England since the new Act** [*Illustrations Bureau*

Group of aliens on board the *Sylvia*, which arrived from Hamburg—the first vessel to come in under the new Act. The aliens are waiting for the inspection officer

At Election Time



STRICTLY IMPARTIAL

"Who're yer goin' to shy at, Bill?"
"Dunno. Any of 'em wiv a white weskit on, or a nice light pair o' trahsis"

DRAWN BY FRANK GILLETT

FROM ABROAD

CAMPAIGNING ON CHRISTMAS DAY

CHRISTMAS is not always a season of peace and good-will, as can be seen from the accompanying photographs, sent to us by a correspondent with the military expedition against the Nandi tribe in British East Africa. We should like to enlighten our readers about the offences committed by these black sinners, which have drawn upon them the ire of the military authorities, but upon this important point our correspondent is silent. Judging from their photographs the officers engaged in this "little war" take the business lightly, and seem untroubled by the fact that they will miss the joys of the festive Christmas season.

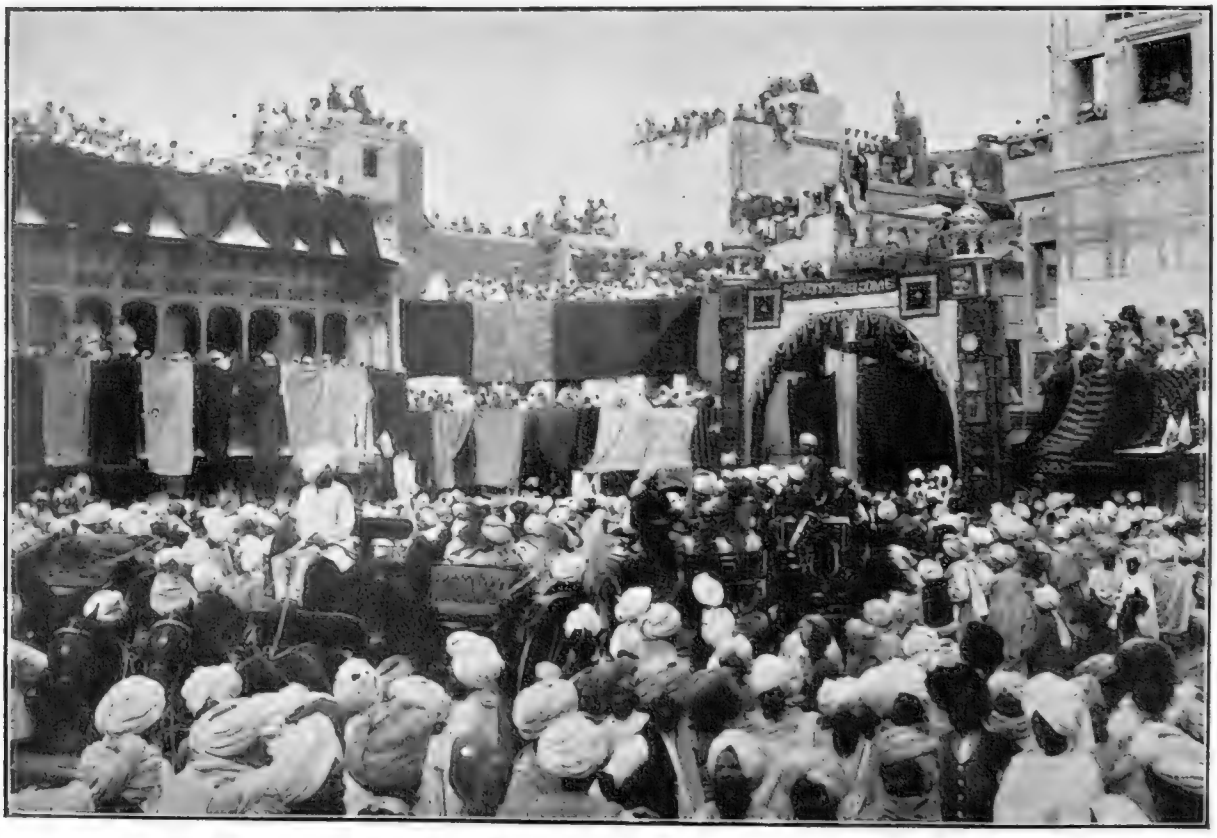
1. Officers of the King's African Rifles outside Nandi
2. A column caravan halted on the march
3. Nandi Fort

Sightseers as a Sight

AMRITSAR EN FÊTE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Picturesque scenes on the route of the Procession

The colour and movement of the crowds lining the route in Amritsar were a worthy setting of the pageant itself. Indeed, the sightseers were themselves a sight. Amritsar, a well-built city of the Punjab, is the religious metropolis of the Sikhs. It derives its name from the sacred tank in the midst of which stands the marble temple of the Sikh faith



Temple tops and balconies at a premium

"Major Barbara" in the Evening Bill

The Court Cult

At the Court Theatre, following upon the custom which obtains there, *Major Barbara* has been promoted, or shall we say relegated, to the evening bill. The cultured matinée audiences have said their say and taken their fill of this "discussion in three acts," and now the plain, workaday playgoer is given the opportunity of witnessing Mr. Shaw's latest work. It is a stroke of genius to attract a new audience to the theatre. Wilson Barrett did it with his play, *The Sign of the Cross*. The actor-author was able to boast with truth that he attracted to see his play people who had previously looked upon the theatre as one of the most potent weapons in the armoury of his Satanic Majesty. A similar success in tapping a fresh audience has attended the enterprising management of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker. The Court Theatre is now become a cult. The matinée-goers are an audience apart. A decade ago they would have been termed "Soulful." But the elect who crowd to the productions at the Court Theatre are bizarre, not so much in appearance and dress as in point of view. Without being able to define the tenets of the Shavian philosophy, they recognise their leader as being a man apart, whose point of view is quite different from that of the workaday citizen. When he speaks they listen, and so absorbed are they in the doctrine that they are entirely unabashed by the language in which it may happen to be couched. Outspokenness brings no blush to their cheek. They are mostly women. E. C. S.

Mr. Louis Calvert (*Andrew Undershaft*)

Mr. Granville Barker (*Adolphus Cusins*)

Photos *E. H. Mills*

Miss Annie Russell (*Major Barbara*)

Mr. Oswald Yorke (*Bill Walker*)

Miss Clare Greet (*Rummy Mitchens*)

Miss Dorothy Minto (*Jenny Hill*)

SCENE FROM

"Captain Drew on Leave"

NOW TRANSFERRED TO WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

MISS MILLS (*Miss Mary Moore*): "I whisper all my secrets to the roses"

CAPTAIN DREW (*Sir C. Wyndham*): "Is that why they're all so red in the face?"

At a Children's Party

DRAWN BY HILDA COWHAM

REALLY TOO BAD

"What ever is the matter, dears? Why are you crying?"

—— "Shan't play; I wanted to be a fireman an' Jack a motor-car, an' they've made me a crab and him a sucking pig, 'cos they say we look like 'em"

RIVIERA AND MONTE CARLO SUPPLEMENT

A Few Words on the Riviera Season

To say that the Riviera is a shore gilded by eternal summer would be to exaggerate foolishly, but it is no less than the truth that in the strip of land which fronts the Mediterranean at the foot of the Alpes Maritimes, from Hyères to Genoa, Nature has erected Europe's one really effective barrier against the onslaughts of General *Janvier*. Sheltered by over 200 miles of mountain, the icy forces of winter can only attack the Riviera covertly, through occasional clefts; hence, in the main, the Riviera offers one, if not eternal summer, an "excellent substitute." Down South just now sunshine is continuous, skies, generally, cloudless. The orchid, purple anemone, and violet are out already, the crocus, primrose, and hepatica are approaching. Practically, the English April is there, and who would not be with her?

The dining-car on the "Rapide"

On his way to the "Sunny South" to escape the English winter, everything that railway enterprise can do is done for the comfort of the human swallow, as the above sketch realistically shows

Nice, some views of which are published in the ensuing pages, is the essence of all the elegances of Europe's capitals concentrated, set by the loveliest seashore in Europe, favoured just now by the warmest of possible winter suns, and the bluest of possible winter skies. Nor is it entirely modern and magnificent —who would have it so?—for away from the fashionable quarter is the old town, an idea of whose narrow, steep streets and their inhabitants may be gained by the photograph below, and it is safe to leave to our other illustrations the task of convincing the reader—if conviction be necessary—that it is a very, very beautiful place.

The short sea route to the Riviera (*viâ* Dover-Calais or Folkestone-Boulogne) by turbine steamer is accomplished in less than an hour, and arrived in France — at Calais, say — one boards the Train de Luxe, and takes one's seat in the Restaurant Car for lunch. Lolling back in the luxurious car, one gazes, for the short hours of the winter afternoon, on the French landscape, which, though it is January, seems to be always trying, Gallic fashion, to put a smiling face on the fact. Evening, a short interval, dinner, a refreshing sleep in a berth in the *wagon-lits*, and one awakens to the glorious reality of the Riviera. Almost, it seems, with the rapidity of a stage curtain, have we passed from black, drear winter into smiling summer. And to bring home to you the reality of the transformation, we have the statement of a recent newspaper correspondent that the rays of the sun a week or so ago, conducted by a full water-bottle, were so powerful as to set on fire one of his breakfast rolls, and this, twenty-four hours from London!

And, think of it, by spending a month on the Riviera, one is enabled actually to escape at least four British Sabbaths out of the annual fifty-two, for Sunday in the South is as gay as any other day so far as concerns the proper business of pleasure. There is no place for swallow-tailed respectability, once-a-week virtue, and prohibited pleasures. Were there no other excuse for the trip to the South, this would furnish one; for is our winter ever so wintry as on the British Sabbath, and is our Sabbath ever so British as in the winter?

Rue de la Vieille Ville, Nice

Cascade du Chateau, Nice

Three Views of Nice

(1) Nice: Place Masséna (2) Bird's-eye view of Nice (3) Nice: Quai du Midi

In the
Casino Gardens

Monaco
Le Rocher

and
ut
TE
LO

In the
Casino Gardens

Monte Carlo.
Ravin de Sainte Devote

St. Jean, St. Martin, Roquebrune

Retreats on the Riviera

Those who prefer the rural to the cosmopolitan charms of the Riviera will be duly allured by the above three prospects. St. Jean is a little fishing port, near Beaulieu and the peninsular of S. Hospice is its prettiest corner. St. Martin Vesubie, lies 3,289 ft. above the sea, and commands magnificent views, while Roquebrune (1,500 ft. over sea level) is a quaint old-world hillside village, with narrow steep streets and a ruined castle

Four Typical Riviera Views

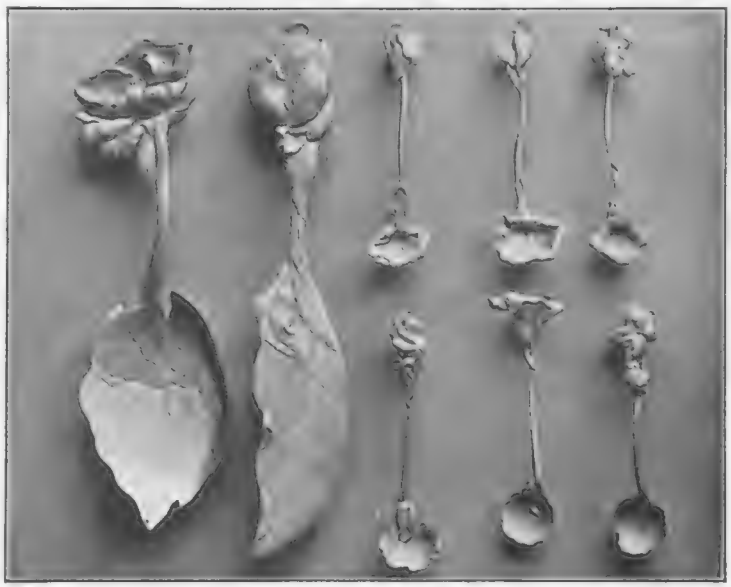
San Remo, Cannes, Nice, and Mentone

The four towns which represent the beauty and fashion of the Western or French Riviera. Sheltered from snow and cold wind by mountains to the north, they enjoy the mildest and most summer-like climate of any part of Europe, save Sicily, and at the present time of the year are crowded with fashionable visitors from all parts of Europe

The Connoisseur

Examples of Antique Silver, on view at Messrs. Hemings, Conduit Street

Although the artistic blight of the nineteenth century was beginning to show itself when William IV. was King, he himself belonged to the old days, and his tastes were for the styles of the excellent period of George III., his father. Thus one need not be surprised to find the monogram and arms of the King upon some very splendid examples of silver plate. There is a fine tureen, for example, by Charles Kandler, of 1729, which belonged to William when he reigned, and formed part of his valuable collection. This piece is now on view at Messrs. Hemings, in Conduit Street, where are also many fine specimens of early silver work. Among them two heavily gilt Scandinavian tankards of the seventeenth century are remarkable for their rich decoration and massive design. There are also many other fine tankards characteristic of British workmanship in the same century, such as the Charles II. and William and Mary pieces, of which we give photographs. The simply, but finely, designed candlesticks by Joseph Bird show a style greatly in vogue about 1718, and now a good deal copied by modern silversmiths. The collector should keep an especially careful eye on the early candlesticks, for with the passage of a few more years their use will have absolutely passed away, and they will become as rare and historical as the snuffers and trays that graced the side tables of our great-grandmothers. To those who study the silver work of the past and the present times, the following collection of table silver, recently shown at the Leicester Gallery, hints that, although the twentieth century may claim to have made certain departures in the art, it can hardly be said that such earnest and gifted craftsmen as Prince Karageorgevitch, the designer of those shown here, have invented a permanent or very convincing style. Pretty, fanciful, and, in a sense, new, but with none of the great qualities of perfect balance and proportion, absolute applicability to its use, and simplicity, which graced so much of the seventeenth and eighteenth-century work in silver produced by English smiths.



Modern Table Silver, recently on view at the Leicester Gallery

E. M.

Examples of Antique Silver, on view at Messrs. Hemings, Conduit Street

OUR SERIES OF WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 5.

"THE PLAYERS"

By MRS. BAILLIE-SAUNDERS

Author of "Saints in Society"

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study."—*Chesterfield.*

CHAPTER I.

"London still says it loves me," said the old actress, knitting her thin fingers together. She paced her apartment, a gorgeous enough place. Her walk was a poem of motion, and she was beautifully gowned, but her carefully arranged face was *passée*, and she wore a flaxen *toupée*, too fluffy for her years.

"I believe it means that," she continued, "in its own cold way. Oh, God! if it didn't, I should die! Paris adores me still. With all her faults, Paris does love us—that is why we love Paris. But I'm sometimes just a little bit afraid of London." She went to the window and drew aside one of the brocade curtains of the warm and rose-lighted room, and glanced out over the wide grey city, with its cold, yellow splashes, where the myriad gas-lamps struck the winter evening fog. London itself was supremely, indifferently unconscious of her scrutiny, or desire to scrutinise. For forty years it had idolised her as a pinnacle. Her name—Madame Emma Keithley—still stood in its traditions for all that was lucky, and brilliant, and fabulously rich—and immortal even. She was counted as a child of the gods. Since the 'sixties and 'seventies, when she had acted gloriously in Croyland's plays, she had gradually built up for herself and him a name that England would never forget. But to-night she was fidgety, and things oppressed her. She wandered about the rich apartment with feverish eyes.

"When London is tired of you it becomes shocked," she went on emphatically. "And London shocked is more cruel than Nero. Oh, I must take heart of grace! The doctor says I mustn't think all these silly things. Well, well, they are only passing shadows—only they will fall sometimes. Good gracious! haven't I long ago conquered the Continent? I conquered even America years ago! I'm not afraid. I've conquered everything. I've even conquered wrinkles, met them and vanquished them, more or less"—(she looked critically at herself in a quaint jade mirror)—"unless people get very close. And there's less danger of that than there was—heyday! But to-day I noticed that the skin under my chin was really getting looser"—(pathetically she examined it again, holding up a hand-mirror to the light)—"oh, much looser—Pinchette is not a good masseuse. She must go! Why do you grow old first in your neck? And my hands—for some time they have bothered me with the veins standing out. They look like trees all over the backs—gnarled trees. I shall have to take to mittens, and knitting! Bah! it's sickening! Why do we come to this world for such a little, little time, only to leave it again when we have got our desires? I've got mine—Heaven knows! Now I must make my bow. Yet it's only yesterday since those wonderful old poverty-stricken days in the early 'seventies, when we were all scrambling on tour, and living on bread and cheese, with tripe suppers as a giddy luxury! Oh, the fun of it! We used to play *Caste*, I remember—dear, sentimental, old *Caste*. What a merry party we were! Nobody had any money, but everybody 'treated' everybody else magnificently. How we used to laugh! Oh, those were strollings indeed; in and out of seaside lodging-houses, scrambling for money, or chances, or anything. Everything has changed since then. Why, what frights we were, to be sure! What fashions! What hairdressing! I wore my hair plain-banded—so"—(she pulled, or pretended to pull, her fair *toupée* down over her ears, in early Victorian fashion)—"and a linen collar, and fitting gowns with a row of buttons down the front—so. Oh, dear!" She laughed. "And poor Harry Otway played with me, the lover, the *débonnaire* lover. He had such rakish eyes—(gravely)—he's gone to the land of shadows since then. Yet it is only yesterday. And Marian Quin—the dear merry-hearted soul, with such a way of laughing you into tears, such a girl!—girl?" (She paused suddenly.) "Yes, yes, but she's gone too. I forgot for the moment: she went fifteen years ago. I can hear them laughing still—laughing across yesterday—but——" (She stepped swiftly half across the room, and then stood still in thought.) "I do believe they are all gone, every one of them." (She went to a side-table and picked up a very faded photographic group.) "Yes, yes! Harry—poor Harry—and Marian, and Charles O'Haigh, and poor Rosa Pierce, and Apthorp, and Grandison, and Logan! Why there isn't one of them left—not one, except—except me and poor Croyland." (She laughed suddenly.) "Oh, dear, how funny they all look in those idiotic old clothes! Fancy the lover in loose grey trousers with a black stripe down the side, and that dear Rosa as 'Walking lady' in brown holland, and a cairngorm brooch! We did such funny things yesterday. I can still hear them laughing. But it is very lonely when they have got

The above story is the fifth of a Series of Worldly Stories, which will be published weekly until further notice.

Our next week's story will be "A Modern Crime," by Maarten Maartens

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all the laughter to themselves. Somehow I can't join. I suppose I really am getting old, though next month I begin 'Ophelia' again. London expects me to do that; I could do it with my eyes shut—one day I may have to." (She said it grimly.) "The world is getting lonelier—that must be old age. I must be ageing or I should not have felt that absurd longing to see Jim again—little baby Jim. Of course I have done my best for him all these years—kept him away at school first, then at the University, then at his law studies—always away. It is funny never to have seen him. Well, well! It is better for him, but I have longed to see him sometimes, more than he will ever know. Now that the lights are going out, I must have the lad. I must, I must! Oh, how late some of us begin to be mothers! It was not so hard to part with him as a little wee toddle of four, when the crash came, and *it* happened. It wasn't so hard to see him go with his father as it is to wait here to meet him after all these years."

She went again to the window and looked eagerly out into the fog.

"I do wish he would come. This lace at my throat is so tight, dreadfully tight—it is choking me. Yes, yes, but I must wear it—it hides one's age. Is that a hansom stopping at the door? Yes, yes, I can hear the jingle of the horse's bell. Now the bell. He is coming! My child, my son. What, what shall I say to him! Oh, my baby."

She turned from the window. The footman flung open the door, and his voice, saying "Mr. James Keithley," fell strangely on a sort of sudden silence.

There had entered a grave and dapper young man, with exceedingly wide-apart eyes, and round and fresh-coloured face, and a dark, small moustache. For a second they gazed at each other. The new-comer spoke first.

"O—er—how do you"—do, he was going to say, but she interrupted him.

"My little boy, my little funny boy, to what have you grown in all these years!" she cried in a broken voice. He drew back a little from her embrace, but she kept his hands in hers. "Oh, infant," she laughed and cried together. "Whoever would have known you? And how big you have grown, and what a man! And so you have come home at last to brighten the life of your old lonely mother? You dear child—you shall never, never regret it."

"No—er—no," said Jim hesitatingly. Strange, actresses who turn out to be your mother are disconcerting.

"And what did you think! What were your ideas when you heard from me, that I longed to have you home? Tell me, my child." She laughed gaily, and stroked his hair as she spoke. They sat side by side on a small sofa. Jim's eyes wandered.

"Oh, I suppose I—well I had no particular ideas," he said. "This is a very nice house. Plenty of money here I should say!"

"Yes, indeed, plenty and plenty! But tell me—I know I am silly—how did you first decide to come back to one who has loved you, though never seeing you, all these years?" She looked at him eagerly.

"Well, I got the lawyer's letter," he began.

"And, like a generous, noble boy, you forgave all, all the past seeming neglect, and came home!"

He glanced at her sharply. "Of course. You offered me a very generous allowance, and I'm sick of the 'aw. I hate it! I tell you it is a very slow business. Do you mind not doing that just now? I have a sore finger—I hurt it rowing." He pulled away his hand a little peevishly.

"Poor child! Poor dear boy!" She kissed the finger which he snatched away.

"Oh, do forgive me!—but you were such a baby when I saw you last. I used to do these things. Naturally though, it seems strange to you from an old lady you do not even know—old lady, ha ha!" She said it coquettishly.

"Very strange." His voice was cold.

She lifted up her head gaily. "Never mind, sweetheart! You shall have such a gay time now you have come. See, besides that income, I have bought you a house-boat and a motor, and you can have your pick of horses. Oh, no more tiresome law!"

But Jim did not smile. He said slowly, "Tell me, mother—I suppose I must call you mother now—who am I like? Am I like my father?"

She answered him as slowly. "Why do you ask? Don't you remember your father?"

"No, not clearly. You see I was always at school, and he died when I was twelve years old. I don't consider I have been well treated." His voice conveyed a note of injury.

The tears came to her eyes. "No, no, my sweet own, you have not. I will make it all up to you now. You will be one of the most envied men in London You will be rich, and you will have nothing to do but amuse yourself, and cheer me when I am dull—and old." Again she laughed.

But Jim did not seem to have a sense of humour. He said, "Oh—er—yes, yes. What time do you dine? Can I see my room?"

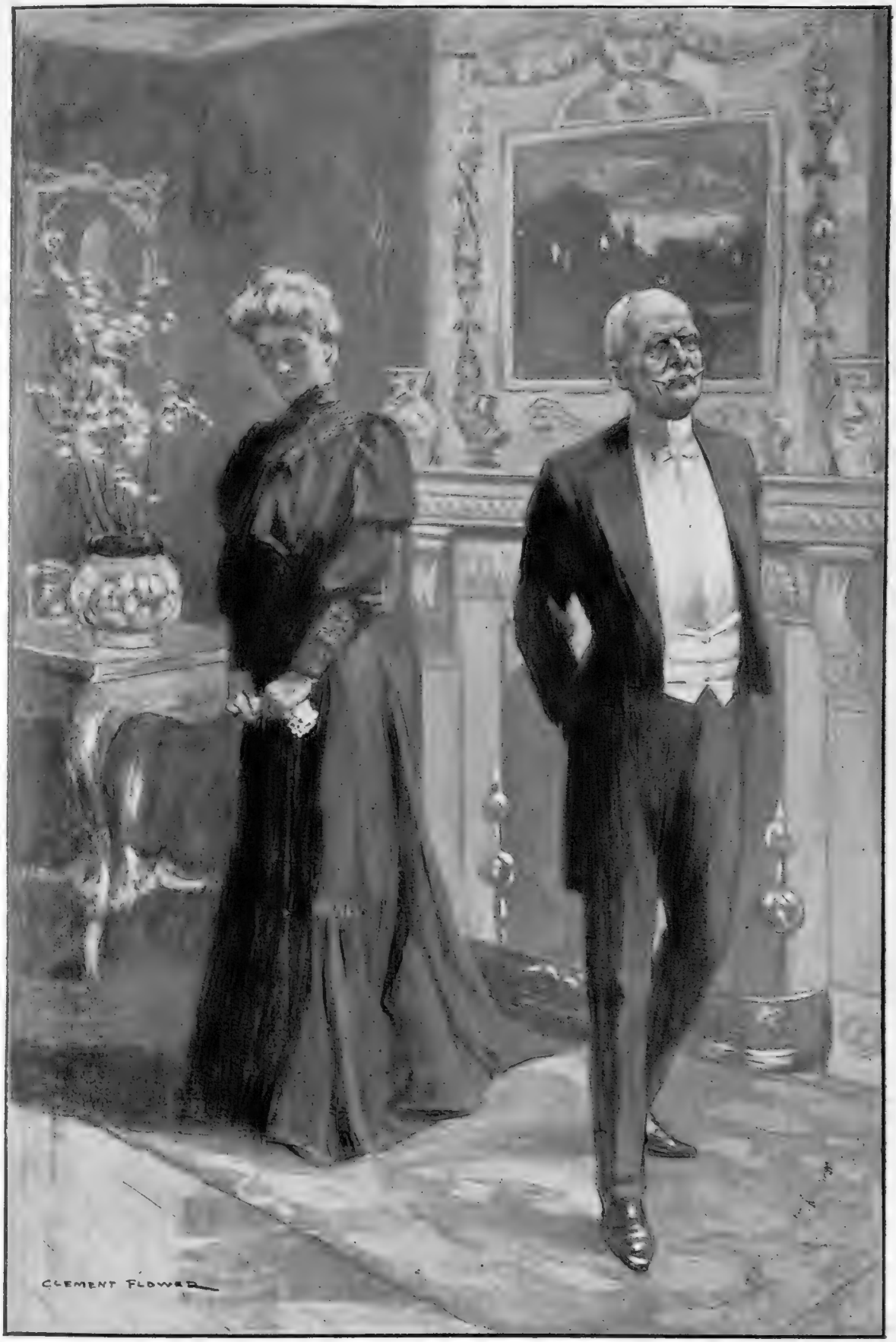
She jumped up eagerly. "My dear one, I will show it to you. Oh, thank God I have a son," she said, as the door closed on the new-comer.

Outside, the wheels of London went whirring along the streets, and the stupid, old-fashioned gas-lamps flickered in the fog. Here, in this princely hotel, a poor old woman offered up a prayer of thankfulness that she had a son. Outside, London tramped past in the mud and said, "That actress has too many blessings for one woman. Some people are wickedly lucky." And inside his room Jim said as he shaved:

"Palatial enough in all conscience. But one wishes she were not an actress. It is a pity. They are not my idea of mothers."

Chapter II.

Three months later Jim came into his mother's room. They were in a smart suite of apartments in a Parisian hotel. His face was worried, and some of the freshness of his colour had departed. There was a harder look in his wide-apart eyes, and though he was very well-dressed, his bearing was disturbed and troubled, and he carried his head less haughtily, and pinched up his shoulders as he walked. Something, too, of her passing gaiety had also departed. She looked a little drawn about the lips and eyes,



She answered him slowly; "I am not mad. I am only—a mother. You must go"

DRAWN BY CLEMENT FLOWER *(TO ILLUSTRATE OUR WORLDLY STORY)*

but she had put on something extra gorgeous in the way of dress, in a vague, feminine attempt to hide it.

Jim's voice was curt; he said, "Mother, may I speak to you alone?"

She was reading some critiques. She started as he spoke. "Oh yes, yes, my son. What is the matter? Why do you look so grave?"

He said, "It is a grave matter."

She glanced sharply at him. Her lined old face blanched a little, even under her clever make-up.

"Go on, my dear boy," she said. "Your face frightens me!"

"I cannot help my looks," he answered testily.

"Forgive me—I am nervous. Lately I have felt so. I do not think Paris suits me nowadays. I shall go back to town. There's something wrong here," she said slowly.

He looked at her very straight. "There is," he said. "That is what I want to speak about." (His hands in his pockets, deep down, standing half turned away from her, looking down.) "I've come at last—I'm driven to come, fairly driven—to ask you a question."

"Yes?" she said. Her hands would move a little. She clasped them.

Jim's voice was stern. "Who is Croyland?" he said.

She started a little. "Who? Why do you ask?"

"Never mind. What is his position here?"

She rallied a little laugh. "Why, Jimmy, Croyland—dear old Croyland has always been 'here,' as you call it. He is like my luggage. I can't imagine my *entourage* without him."

"I do not understand," said Jim. "Men do not become a part of ladies' luggage—even old ladies. There are all sorts of stories about, but I prefer to keep to one—the most respectable, or rather, the least humiliating. Answer me. Mother, are you and Croyland married?" he said.

"Married? No!" Her voice was quiet.

"Yet he has been about your path for thirty years."

Her head was bent; she spoke very low. "You forget that your father did not die till you were twelve. How could I?"

"You could have done so when you were free," he said.

"My boy, you do not know my life. I may have erred—I have—in judgment as well as in heart. But I have also suffered very, very much." Her voice was almost inaudible.

Jim turned away impatiently. "O dear! suffered—suffered—they all say that as an excuse for breaking all the moral laws, and outraging all the conventions. That is no excuse."

She glanced at him pleadingly. "But you were quite content at first? It is only in the last few weeks that you have given way to these suspicious, cruel thoughts, dear. Why not accept our devotion—we both care for you—he and I. Why, so late in the day, ask any questions?"

"I ask because this disreputable affair is the talk, common smoking-room talk," he answered angrily. "And, Great Scott, I tell you I won't bear it!"

She rose slowly from the chair to her full height. She put up her old hand. "Do not bear it, my son," she said. "Do not listen to it! Let us live our lives away from such idle chatter! To whom does it all matter but ourselves?"

"Oh, but it matters to me, I can tell you!" he said impatiently. "It's most unpleasant! I hear it wherever I go, and I am not used to being connected with that sort of thing. I tell you it will injure me in the future! Up to the present, at any rate, dull as my life was, I have always mixed with—*nice* people. I have boarded in respectable houses. I am not accustomed to these—these Bohemian ways of yours—mother."

Her voice came rather low and chokingly: "No, of course not. Poor lad, poor lad! But what would you have me do?"

"There is, surely, only one thing possible! Get rid of him! He must go!"

She held both her hands clasped up under her chin, and spoke painfully: "Boy, you do not know what you ask!"

He stood in front of her, and said: "I only ask reason. I ask in the name of common respectability."

Again the pleading came into her voice: "But I am an old, old woman, such an old woman! The past is the past! Can I turn against old friendship now? He is old, too! Why, boy, he is seventy, and I—shall I tell you a secret?" she said it archly. "*I am sixty-eight!*"

"Pooh," said Jim, angrily. "It is no secret. Women like you cannot have secrets. The world knows everything about you—laughs at you for doing 'Ophelia.' I hear them sneer. That's not so bad—but Croyland! It's not respectable!"

She stood perfectly still a little away from him, her face blanching: "What?" she said, "the world laughs at *me?* I was asked by all England to do 'Ophelia'—begged and prayed by thousands. The world laughs? You are mistaken!"

He laughed shortly. "You are blind, quite blind. They laugh at that, and they sneer at you and Croyland. Seventy, indeed! He ought to know better! Mother, you must choose—choose between us."

"Choose! Do you mean that you will leave me? You! Oh, God!" She flung herself towards him.

"Either I or he must go," he said slowly. "I will not stay if he stays. One of us must go!"

Chapter III.

"And so you—*you*—ask me to leave you after all these years?" said Croyland. He was a thin-faced, elderly man, and he stood before her with his hands clasped painfully together, his grey head bent.

Her face was anguished. She said brokenly: "I have to, I have to. It is for the boy's sake."

"And the boy—the boy you have only known for three months, Emma, is to come before my devotion of thirty years!"

She turned to him with shining eyes: "Oh, don't think I do not remember all these years. No woman ever had such a friend. Where should I have been now but for you? When the crash came and John left me, and took away my child, left me in poverty and sickness in a strange town amongst strangers, it was you, you who rescued me and helped me, and showed me what the love of a

chivalrous man could be. And ever since, in joy, in triumph, in gaiety, in sorrow, you have always been by me—a friend such as no woman ever had."

"Heaven help us," he said hoarsely. "I do not ask for a testimonial of my character! I ask you only what good my going out of your life will be to the—your son?"

She clasped her hands on her breast. "Oh, can't you see, dearest, dearest friend? It is what the world says. The world says very cruel things of us—even us, two old, tired people. It will injure the boy—it does injure him already. We must not be selfish."

"Bah! Injure him!" he said, turning furiously away.

"Old friend, old companion, we must not stand in the light of the young, you and I," she said. "Youth has its claims now. We must vacate our parts. The younger ones step in." (She laughed hysterically.) "They are already jeering at me as 'Ophelia.' He said so."

Croyland turned and looked at her. "He said so? The liar!"

"Hush, dear man. The time has come. We must move away from the stage—you and I, and let youth come to the footlights. Dearest, it is our duty."

"Heaven help you, Emma; you are mad," he said, lifting his voice.

She answered him slowly: "I am not mad. I am only—a mother. You must go."

There was a second's pause.

"Then, by God, I will—for ever," he shouted.

She heard the door slam after him. She heard his departing footsteps. She fell on the floor in a passion of weeping.

Half an hour later, still sobbing faintly, she crept into Jim's room. "Jim!" she called. There was no answer. "Jim! Jim! Boy, where are you?" Her voice echoed. She passed from one apartment to the inner one. Why, how bare it all looked. It was changed somehow. "Why," she said, her breath coming a little faster, "the dear lad is out. I did not hear him go. How strange!" She went about the place touching this here and that there. Then, suddenly she stood still in the middle of the room and gazed about her.

"What is it?" she said to herself. "It all looks so bare! Where are all his pretty things? I don't even see my photograph. What's this—a torn luggage label! It is his own writing—quite wet ink! Where? To England? Oh, what does this mean? There are no clothes in his cupboard—see it is all empty! His books are gone too! Great Heavens, what is this?—what is this? Oh, there is a note on the dressing-table."

She tore it open. It read as follows, in very neat writing:

DEAR MOTHER,—

I have decided after all to go. Even if, after my appeal to your conscience, you get rid of Croyland, there is always the past. I cannot have my future spoilt by it. It is all extremely unfortunate. I have taken all my things, and by the time you read this I shall be on the night boat back to England. As to the money affairs, I am aware that the income you settled on me had certain conditions, which I suppose I have broken by this step. I leave it to your good feeling to arrange this matter, but I think, as your son and after so much neglect in the past, I am entitled to a part of it.

Good-bye, and with many sincere regrets that this should be necessary,

Your affectionate son,

JAMES KEITHLEY.

That was all.

She fell on her face—the letter dropping from her hands. "Oh, lost, lost—lost for ever! Both lost! I am alone. 'There is always the past,' he says. Oh, God! There is always the past. They are laughing across yesterday, the old, merry players." She lifted her head. "Oh, good men and women folk, do you laugh up there in the land of shadows? Here we weep a great deal. Let me come to you, my old friends. Back to your loving hands and hearts, for the stage is growing dark—the lights are going out. The curtain is falling."

M. BAILLIE-SAUNDERS.

A Lancashire church 700 years old

Skydd Church, at Roman Ribchester, near Preston. Service is still held in this ancient fane once a month, and attracts a large congregation

By Field, Stream, and Covert

Sport in the Shires

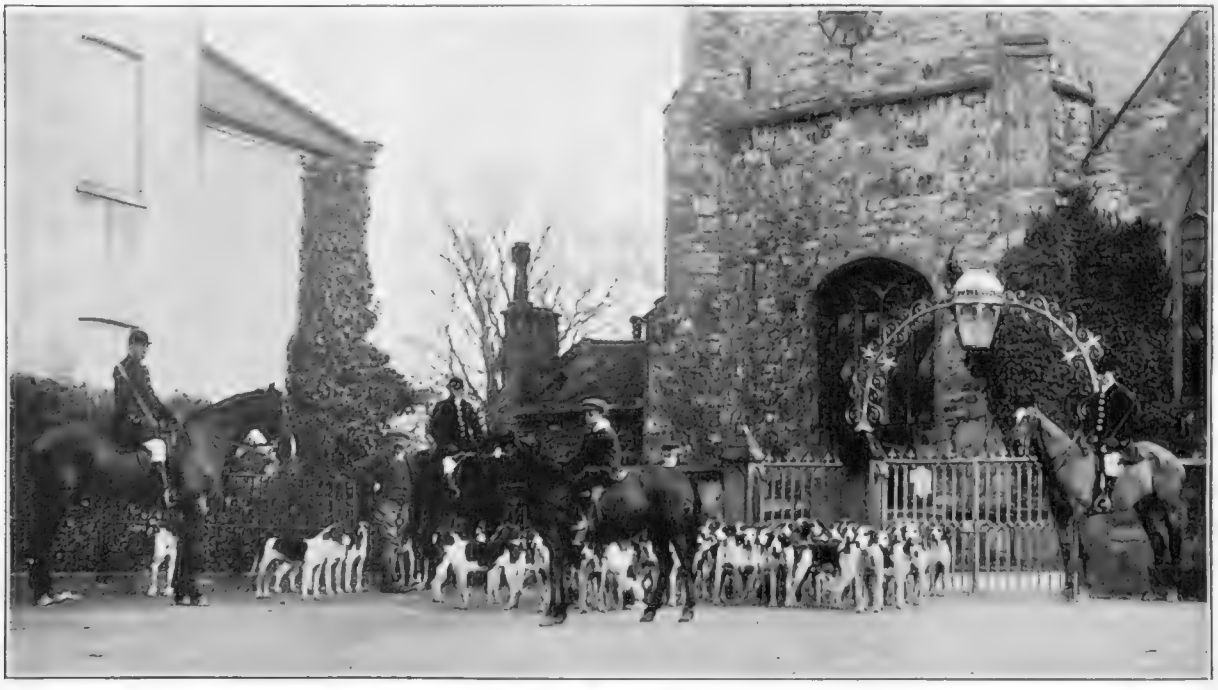
The New Year opened rather inauspiciously for fox-hunting with several degrees of frost, but it was a brief visitation, and in any case, taking the season on the whole, followers of hounds have had very little to complain of in regard to the weather. Most of the packs in the Shires did well in the closing fortnight of December, the Warwickshire being in particularly fine form in their Wednesday and Thursday countries. The Quorn Hounds had their fair share of sport, and it is generally agreed that the reputation of the Leicestershire pack has been appreciably strengthened under the Mastership of Captain Frank Forester. He has paid careful attention to details which, much to the detriment of sport, are sometimes neglected by more easy-going Masters. For example, a great improvement in the method of earth-stopping has been introduced into the Quorn country during Captain Forester's brief reign, and already its beneficial effect is apparent. Foxes are finding most of their old familiar drains and crevices closed against them, and, having to rely upon their speed and stamina and knowledge of the country, they are making far longer points than hitherto. On the North Welsh borders, a good season is being enjoyed by Sir Watkin Wynn's Hounds, which are shown in the accompanying illustration at their recent meet at Chirk.

Lord Lonsdale's great jump

When hunting with the Quorn Hounds near Great Dalby on Dec. 15. The handkerchiefs denote the exact spots where the horse took off and landed

Lord Lonsdale's Notable Jump

Lord Lonsdale, in whom Captain Forester finds so staunch a supporter, has been dividing his attention fairly equally between the Quorn and the Cottesmore this season. His grand hunters are still the admiration of Leicestershire, and he rides them with the same old perfection of hands and seat, and the same old dash and daring. Chandler's wonderful jump at the Warwick meeting years ago, when the horse is said to have cleared 39 feet, is still the subject of many discussions in steeplechasing circles, and the distance, it may be added, is pretty generally believed to have been much exaggerated. But in Leicestershire they are more interested now in talking of Lord Lonsdale's great jump when out with the Quorn Hounds, near Great Dalby Station, on Friday, December 15. We give an illustration of the obstacle which his horse cleared, and its formidable character can be seen at a glance. The jump consists of double post and rails, with a young quick hedge and a small stream between them. On the top of the far rails was stretched a strand of barbed wire, but this had been removed before our photograph was taken. The handkerchiefs shown in the illustration denote the exact spots where the horse took off and landed, a distance of between eight and nine yards over the rails. It was a mighty leap, and that it caused something of a sensation can readily be imagined



Meet of Sir Watkin Wynn's Foxhounds at Chirk

The history of foxhunting in the Wynnstay country goes back to early in the eighteenth century

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds

Lord Rothschild's Staghounds on their way from the kennels to the meet

General attention has recently been attracted to these hounds owing to Sir Edmund Verney's action in closing the Claydon Estate against them

Stag-hunting in the Vale of Aylesbury

Among fox-hunters there have always been superior persons, includ ng even the immortal Jorrocks, who affect to deride the pleasures of hunting the carted stag, but I question whether there is one of them who would fail to appreciate a gallop with Lord Rothschild's Staghounds over the cream of the Vale of Aylesbury. Of this fine country Whyte Melville sang nearly forty years back:—

> Then here's to the Baron, and all his supporters—
> The thrusters—the skirters—the whole of the tale;
> And here's to the fairest of all hunting quarters,
> The widest of pastures—three cheers for the Vale!

The pack is a splendid one in every sense, the hunt servants are well mounted, the deer are hardy and straight running, and the country certainly takes a place among the best that can be found in England. Thanks to the excellent way in which the pack is conducted, and the great personal popularity of the Rothschilds in the Vale, the hounds have almost invariably been favourably received by the property owners whose land they cover. It came as a surprise, therefore, to the field one day last month when Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who is usually the Field Master, announced to them that Sir Edmund Verney had closed the Claydon Estate at Winslow against them.

Early arrivals at the meet of the "Wards"
The lady is Mrs. St. George

General Sir Reginald and Lady Pole-Carew

With the Ward Union

Dublin and its environs undoubtedly constitute one of the best hunting centres in the kingdom, the meets of three packs of foxhounds and one pack of staghounds being within reach. The visitor is always certain of a good gallop with the Ward Union Staghounds, which meet on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. The pack has provided sport in the counties of Dublin and Meath for the best part of a century, and all Irish hunting people know Jim Brindley, the veteran huntsman, who is now assisted by his son, Charles, as whipper-in. There is a fine herd of fifty red deer, and on their best days they cover a line of country which would be difficult to surpass. The only draw back is the wire which is beginning to make its unwelcome appearance in places where least expected. Mr. Percy Maynard is a hard-riding and popular Master, and his field is usually large and fashionable.

A. W. C.

Mrs. Gubbins comes up in her pony-trap
Note the interested attitude of the pony

Important Notice to Amateur Photographers

Our recent Hunt Photograph Competition established the fact that Amateurs are able to take photographs fully up to the standard of professional photographers. As we wish to obtain as diverse photographs as possible of hunts, and as we cannot employ an army of professional photographers to scour the country for this paper, we should be pleased if our readers who are amateur photographers would assist us in this matter. Payment will, of course, be made for the photographs. A guinea will be paid for any photograph suitable for a full page (and this does not mean that for a full page the photograph must be a large one, for if it is clear and sharp it can be enlarged by us), half a guinea for half page, and 5s. for smaller ones. At the same time, we are not particularly desirous of receiving photographs of harriers and beagles unless it be of a very special occasion. Photographs, inscribed on the back with full particulars of the subject and with the sender's name, should be enclosed in an envelope, marked "Hunt Photographs," and addressed to the Art Editor, The Bystander, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

[Advertisement.]—GLOVES UNAFFECTED BY WET.—A glove, intended primarily for driving and riding, and called the "Quorn Hunt" Glove, which is claimed to be unaffected by wet, is being made by Mr. Macintosh, 89, New Street, Birmingham. It is hand-sewn, with double thread, and has been adopted by most masters of foxhounds, etc. It is the cheapest and best glove made for Hunting, the price being 2s. 11d., or 3s. post free.

Irish Hunts No. 5—A Day with the Ward Union

Mr. Percy Maynard, who has been Master of the popular Ward Union Staghounds for eleven seasons

After the Meet at Dunshaughlin: Going towards Drumree

James Brindley, the veteran huntsman, who stil keeps with his hounds wonderfully well

(Photographs taken by our Special Representative in Ireland. Next week illustrations will appear of the Meath Hunt)

The Library

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

MISCELLANEOUS

"Lord Randolph Churchill." By Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. 2 vols. (Macmillan: 36*s.* net.)

"Final Recollections of a Diplomatist." By Sir Horace Rumbold. (Edward Arnold: 15*s.* net.)

"Captain John Smith." By A. G. Bradley. (Macmillan's Men of Action: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Saint-Beuve's "Portraits of the Eighteenth Century." New translation by K. P. Wormeley. 2 vols. (Putnam's: 21*s.* net).

"Tuscan Folk-Lore and Sketches." By Isabella M. Anderton. (Fairbairns: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The political literature of many years has given us nothing quite so picturesque as "Lord Randolph Churchill," by Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. (Macmillan: 2 vols.). Here is the brilliant son giving a valuable and complete pen-portrait of the brilliant father at the very moment when he, the son, has entered on a phase in his political career exactly parallel with that entered upon twenty years ago by the father. As Lord Randolph, in 1885-6, forsook the rôle of ruthless critic and merciless leader-baiter to become a Minister in a Tory Government, so Mr. Winston Churchill, in 1905-6, has relinquished an identically similar rôle for the sweets of office under a Liberal Premier. How far the parallel will be pursued the Fates alone can judge, but methinks the present is a prize example of the child being father to the man, and that Mr. Winston Churchill, despite his temperamental resemblance to his sire, will omit to make those mistakes of over-ambition which so hopelessly ruined the paternal career. For even Mr. Churchill's vivid portrayal and masterly diction fail to invest Lord Randolph with any greater glamour than that of a brilliant failure. The biography is nothing if not a sketch—despite its length—of those two or three crucial years in which his father rose and fell like a meteor, the swiftest and the most dazzling shooting-star in latter-day statecraft. Randolph Churchill is what our Salvation friends would call "an 'orrible example" of the too-previous in politics. Assuming celebrity, place, and power alone to be the goal of the statesman, Lord Randolph achieved it at an age paralleled only by the younger Pitt—and, of course, the younger Churchill, his son. But, unfortunately, it was no great political principle, no deep conviction, that raised him so high, but merely an overwhelming sense of personal mastery. "Randy" could never have lasted. It is not in the order of things that men of his spasmodic nature should sit long in the councils of the State. Churchill's sacrifice "on the altar of thrift and economy" of the Chancellorship in 1886 was his political suicide. The position of first lieutenant in the Cabinet, which is the Chancellery, is not one to be resigned, save when political suicide is meant, for, by doing so, a man hurls himself out of the running for the Premiership, and, at the same time, is prevented by a sense of dignity from taking a lesser office, should it come his way. Lord Randolph's resignation marked "finis" to his career, and the example is one not likely to be followed by the son. It is not possible to give here more than a brief impression of the book—which we hope to deal with later at more adequate length—but sincere congratulations are due to the young Minister for having given us at the moment of his assumption of office so distinguished a piece of work, marked with such considerable literary skill, dignity of style, and entertaining narrative. One's only regret is that, after perusing it, one should agree more than ever with the remark quoted therein by Lord Salisbury that "politics is a cursed profession."

V. C.

Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P.
(An Earlier Portrait)
Who belongs to the great body of author-statesmen, having recently published the biography of his famous father, Lord Randolph Churchill

Sir Horace Rumbold will find it difficult to hit upon a title should he decide to publish any further reminiscences (four volumes are all too short to chronicle a diplomatic career extending for over fifty years) since he has called his recently published volume, "*Final* Recollections of a Diplomatist" (Edward Arnold: 15*s.* net). As in the previous volumes, the writer of these chronicles of the Courts of Europe is always before us in the rôle of an outspoken Englishman "knowing neither fear nor reproach," though in this instance the matters divulged will hardly cause the storm occasioned by the publication of some of his previous "Recollections." Sir Horace Rumbold never hesitates to call a spade a spade, and as this last volume deals with events on the Continent while the Boer War was in progress, we are given interesting reminiscences of our unpopularity at the time. "The crazy, bungled raid," as Sir Horace calls Dr. Jameson's little affair, and the sending of the Kaiser's telegram, occurred when the *doyen* of diplomats was in Holland, and it is pleasant reading to know that, in spite of the attitude taken by the Dutch people at the instigation of that slimmest of agitators, Dr. Leyds, the Queen-Regent

—a week after the raid—attended a ball given at the British Embassy. In the course of the thousand and one interesting topics touched upon in these diverting pages, one is surprised to note that the author entertains fears of the "Yellow Peril," and looks upon our Far Eastern ally as a future menace. "While I frankly own," he says, "that race prejudice in part biases me on this point, I am none the less convinced that ere long the Powers, in any degree interested in the Pacific, will have to count with a formidable, aggressively spreading Empire, which must seek to enlarge its boundaries for its active teeming population, and can only do so at their cost." While this is a purely Continental view, perhaps it is worth while, seeing that we have Australia and New Zealand at stake, to take this fact into consideration at the same time as we "are being eloquently lectured on the sublime virtues of *bushido*." As with his former volumes, these "Final" Recollections will ppeal to all who take an terest in European politics, hile writers and readers of ciety paragraphs will be le to revel in the conmplation of the hundreds distinguished people ntioned.

The idea occurred, when ding Mr. A. G. Bradley's Captain John Smith" Macmillan's Men of Action: . 6*d.*), that anybody who ished to understand the land" problem thoroughly ould do well to read this ook in conjunction with Mr. Bernard Shaw's essay on the "Unearned Increment" vith which he prefaced Fabian Essays" (Walter ott: 2*s.* 6*d.*). Nothing, owever, but the turmoil f politics, which has been ur lot of late, could have driven us to suggest such a perverted use for so delightful a book. John Smith was an adventurer of the true Elizabethan type, spacious in thought, imperious and decisive in action, and with a ready pen flowing over with quaint images to describe his many adventures. He lived in days when "to singe the King of Spain's beard" was the ambition of every youth, and how he did this, and many another thing, on his travels through Europe, is told by Mr. Bradley with vigour, though, of course, so far as the veracity of the story goes, we have only John Smith's word to rely upon. There is, however, no reason to doubt this, and perhaps our scepticism is founded upon having seen the plates which accompanied an early edition of John Smith's work, showing him engaged in taking whole regiments of Turks single-handed, and performing divers other miraculous feats.

G. F. J.

Photo *Ecrésford*

Mr. F. Carruthers Gould

The great Liberal cartoonist, whose "Cartoons for the Campaign" (now published) are proving of invaluable service to his Party

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

Authors-in Authority

I wonder if everybody quite realises yet what remarkable and varied literary strength the new Government commands, both within and without the Cabinet. The two most solid forces in this respect are undoubtedly Mr. Bryce and Mr. Morley, who are both men of international reputation, the one as a jurist and historian, the other as a critic and biographer, the nature of whose rise in the world is vividly shown by the photograph on the next page of Mr. Morley's birthplace. Mr. Haldane's fame is not so wide, but is not less established, as a philosophic writer; and he has written a life of Adam Smith; Sir Edward Grey has produced a classic on fly-fishing. Mr. Augustine Birrell is as witty and graceful an essayist and critic as our times can show, with a theological side to him, too. Mr. Sydney Buxton's "Handbook to Political Questions" was in its eighth edition when my own copy was published—thirteen years ago. Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt has written many political war-songs of the necessary baldness and crudity, with a consummate feeling for what was required. Mr. Edmund Robertson is reponsible for masses of legal lore in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Mr. Herbert Samuel has published a book on Liberalism, and many pamphlets, while Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's life of Earl Granville was one of the big things of the past year.

The Distinction of "C.-B."

If it comes to journalistic and fugitive work, I hardly know one member of the Ministry who has not seen himself in print, from Mr. Burns to Lord Crewe. The only exception, I really believe, is the Prime Minister himself—and that only if you don't count letters to the *Times*! The notion of such a junta of authors in the seats of the mighty is enough to make publishers tremble. A very distinguished member of the late Ministry, who had had experience, was sometimes heard to breathe out threatenings against that branch of commerce; but he had not enough backing among his colleagues to allow of a Publishers' Correction Bill being put forward as a Ministerial measure.

The Fulpit Reviewer

It seems that the preacher who wants to be in the movement must nowadays take some new novel as his theme in the pulpit. Since the Bishop of London added

"When it Was Dark" to the canonical books in a sermon at Westminster, so making the fortune of "Guy Thorne," otherwise, as is now well known, Mr. Ranger Gull—since then, I say, the thing has been going on briskly in Anglican and other places of worship. The latest is the story of what befell when the Rev. E. S. Gunson discoursed to his Presbyterian flock at Turriff (which is in the wilds of Aberdeenshire) on Mr. Coulson Kernahan's "A World Without a Child." Whether or no the cause of Turriff Reform was benefited by this address, I am unable to say. The point that interests me is that a lady in the congregation, having waited (she was evidently a remarkable woman) until Mr. Gunson had ended what he had to say, rose in her place and protested against the teaching of Mr. Kernahan's dream. She, it appears, had had dreams of her own, which she was prepared, as they say in the Wild West, to back with money, guns, and arguments against anything that Mr. Kernahan could dream. The sporting instinct of the congregation was only aroused, however, to be disappointed: for the Minister suggested that he and the lady should discuss the matter in the vestry after service, to which his antagonist agreed.

Photo *Knowles*

Mr. John Morley's birthplace, at Blackburn

The "Honest John" of to-day, like another "Honest John" (one Bright of that ilk), is a Lancastrian, and the above is the abode in Blackburn where he first saw the light

Anticipations

It will be seen at once that all this may lead to stirring developments as the thing makes progress. The "published to-day" sermon may come to be a feature of really live churches. Eminent writers may be invited to hear themselves criticised from the pulpit, and to reply. The Parish Magazine will become almost readable: it will contain reviews and literary gossip. The fact that Mr. Fisher Unwin's "first novel" prize has been captured by a beneficed clergyman's wife is a symptom of this change.

The Choice (?) of Books

A kindly American has written to tell me that my references to the remarkable puffing of Sir A. Conan Doyle's new serial leave a transatlantic reader cold. "Over here," he says, "you don't know the first thing about pushing books. The *Times* enterprises are the only lively things you have in this line of effort, and they are run by an American. I assure you that people just *had* to buy Sir A. Doyle's "Hound of the Baskervilles" when it was published in the United States. They didn't have any choice: it was fired at them." And he forwards, in illustration of his point, a page advertisement from an American magazine of one of Mr. John Wanamaker's "literary side-lines," as he describes them. I suppose nobody who has visited my correspondent's country of late years has escaped hearing of Mr. Wanamaker. He is in the air. His mission on earth began, I believe, with the selling of clothing; but now he sells all things, including literature, at his New York and Philadelphia houses. He is one of the greatest advertisers on earth. His claim to that distinction is admitted in the highest quarters, for I remember that, two years ago, Mr. Wanamaker lunched on board the *Hohenzollern* when he and the Kaiser were both yachting in Norwegian waters. It was deep calling unto deep.

"Lord"

It seems that Mr. Wanamaker's latest selection for his Book Club—which merely means the body of persons who send their money for a given book that he is marketing—is "Beacon Lights of History," by a certain Dr. Lord, who, says the advertisement, "is invariably compared with Plutarch by scholars and critics.' I never heard of him myself, and the "Literary Year-Book" is in a like state of besotted ignorance; but I suppose the American Continent rings with his name, for he is generally referred to in this announcement as "Lord," just as we speak of "Byron" and "Goethe" and "Tolstoi." For example, we read:

> Lord has surpassed Plutarch. Plutarch's statements of fact are open to criticism; Lord is an accepted authority. Plutarch considers only forty-six great characters of history; Lord one hundred and twenty-eight. Plutarch could scan only such history as was known during the first three decades of the Christain era; Lord looks back over 7,000 years. Plutarch's fascinating style made his "Lives" a classic; Lord's diction is classed with the best in English.

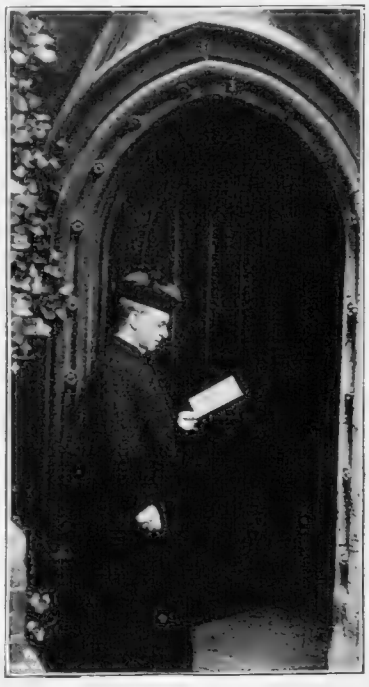
You get the whole fifteen volumes of "Lord" for a dollar down and the rest by instalments. This is, the public are assured, "a genuine price opportunity." If any reader of my remarks feels inclined to enrich his library with "Lord," who is compared with Plutarch so much to that heathen's disadvantage, let him write for the booklet about it to Wanamaker, New York. That address finds him.

ECB

Matters Musical

The Clergy and Music

The parson-playwright, introduced to London audiences a year or so ago in the person of Gorleston's strenuous vicar, the Rev. Forbes-Phillips, has now his obvious sequel in the priest-composer—the Rev. W. A. Collisson ("Houston Collisson"), who has set the needed music to the children's musical comedy, *Noah's Ark*, produced last week at the Waldorf. Dr. Collisson is announced as the first priest who has written the music for a play at a London theatre, and the fact is sufficiently surprising. What have his fellow clerics been doing all these years that they should have neglected so obvious a field for their superfluous talents? Music being, as has been frequently said, "the purest of all the arts," and lifting us, according to Carlyle, to the "brink of the infinite," how is it that it has been so little used as a means of expression by those who are professionally associated with purity and infinity? And when, perchance, a cleric does essay to express himself in the language of purity and infinity, why does his muse take him to the Waldorf Theatre rather than the Three Choirs Festival, or the Royal Albert Hall? Really, seeing how constantly, in the exercise of his calling, the clergyman is thunderously reminded of the power of music by the pulpit's near neighbour, the organ, it is almost startling to reflect that the roll of the great composers does not contain more clerical names.



The Priest composer of "Noah's Ark"

The Rev. W. A. Collisson, Mus. Doc., whose music was performed at the Waldorf Theatre for the first time on New Year's Day, with much success

The Case of "Noah's Ark"

There have, of course, been some clerical composers in history. Liszt was in minor orders in the Roman Church, and was known as the Abbé. There was Charles Wesley, who wrote 6,500 hymns. Many so-called "traditional" chants are the work of mediæval monks, and there was much discussion, generally unfavourable, some years ago, on one Father Perosi, who, somehow, has been very quiet of late. But, in general, the modern clergy has shown not one-tenth of its habitual mental energy in matters musical, and we are indebted to the production of *Noah's Ark* for a reminder of the fact.

As to that production itself, there is not a great deal to be said from the musical point of view. Mr. Collisson will probably derive the most benefit from the performance in the shape of the training it will give him in writing for the stage, for which he seems to have some aptitude. His music is tuneful and pleasantly scored, but without distinction above the general run of such music. Naturally, having once put his hand to the plough, he will not turn back. I, for one, shall rejoice if the next production from the priestly pen should be of a kind to make the "Ivans to cease to Caryll and the Rubens Paul no more," as somebody once said. A little healthy holiness could, with advantage, be introduced into our light opera music, and I wish "Houston Collisson" every success in his stage career, trusting the while that his cure in Pont Street will not suffer by his occasional pre-occupation elsewhere.

A Visit from Grieg

It is good news that the forthcoming Spring season is to be honoured by a visit from Edvard Grieg, who has accepted an engagement offered him by the Directors of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, Ltd., for two concerts at Queen's Hall during the Spring. On May 17 he will conduct the Queen's Hall Orchestra, and on May 24 a Chamber Concert will be given, at which he will play the pianoforte. Upon both occasions the programmes will be composed entirely of his compositions. During their visit to London, Dr. and Mrs. Grieg will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Speyer, in Grosvenor Street. A cordial welcome awaits him whom the usual critical person in the Press will persist in calling "the gifted and popular musician," as though he were, for all the world, a provincial organist, and not by far the most original and inspired of living composers. Grieg is none the less a genius because his music is expressed in simple form, and does not expose the hearer to the danger of syncope or brain-fever.

Two Old MSS.

My remarks recently on the dearth of novel song-music have been promptly answered by Messrs. Metzler and Co., of Great Marlborough Street, who have favoured me with a batch of newly issued music as a proof to the contrary. Amongst those sent are specially to be noted two interesting songs, edited by Dr. Cummings, of the Guildhall School, from MSS. of the time of James I. (1603), entitled respectively, "Good Morning, Phyllis" and "There is a Garden in her Face," which, if scarcely new, are, at any rate, simple old-world melodies of great charm, certainly much nicer things to have by one for fugitive warbling than the general run of the year before last's shop ballads. Metzler's have also issued several other attractive novelties for voice, violin, and piano which would repay inspection.

V. C.

Golf Notes and Notions

Although golf, like the evergreens, flourishes year in and year out, yet the commencement of a new date is a convenient moment for taking stock of the present position of the game with regard to courses and implements, as apart from players. The battle of course versus ball has gone merrily on all through the past year, and I think we all have a much better idea now as to how to adjust existing links and construct new links to meet the exigencies of the volatile and bounding invention sent us by our American cousins. We hear less and less of those grumbling complainers who swore by all their gods that the game had been ruined by the new ball, and it seems like carrying the mind back to prehistoric times to call to memory their futile efforts to boycott the newcomer. The revolution after all has not been so tremendous as was feared.

Course v. Ball

The history of this year's Open Championship bears eloquent testimony to the fact that the defence, in the shape of the course, has, with no great trouble or serious alteration, been more than able to keep pace with the attack as embodied by the ball. The famous old links of St. Andrews, with a few new hazards narrowing the course to its pristine dimensions, and a slight setting back of the tees, easily defeated the ball, and showed us that the game under its new conditions was just as difficult and fascinating in its infinite intricacy as ever. What is more, the early theory that the new ball favoured the duffers at the expense of the experts has been completely exploded in practice. The experts are at the top of the tree still, and no second-class player has managed to create a surprise by defeating his superiors. We may all have been pushed up a bit in our play by the new ball, but the push has been like that received by a stationary train, where every carriage in its turn gets jolted on, and has benefited those at the head as much as those at the tail. Apart from this particular point, the new ball has proved decidedly economical to good players, in spite of its increased initial cost as compared with the old gutty. It keeps its shape and its life longer under good treatment, and the hack that now destroys a rubber-core disposed of the gutty just as effectually to all intents and purposes in the old days.

New Ball a Boon to Wooden Clubs

The new ball has many advantages which everyone recognises, but I don't think players sufficiently appreciate the boon it has been to their wooden clubs. In former days I found that very few wooden faces would last long under the impact of the gutty ball, and I constantly had to have leather faces inserted. As a rule, these altered the weight of the club in some subtle way, and so one had to tinker at extracting lead so as to restore one's old friend to his former balance. Added to this, there was the drawback that leather faces behaved badly in wet weather. Nowadays I find my wooden clubs show no wear and tear at all, and meet the new ball with unruffled equanimity. In a word, the new ball has added a greatly increased lease of life to all our wooden clubs, and has thereby benefited alike our pockets and our tempers. The internecine warfare of the many varieties of the new ball continues with unabated vigour. The Haskell, the Kite, the Professional, and the Spalding White seem to be in greatest demand. Of these, personally I prefer the Haskell and the Kite. Whether the legal conflict between these two, so far settled in favour of the latter, is to be carried still further, I know not. I have heard it whispered that the Haskell Company intend to win the fight outside the Courts by producing a new variant of their excellent ball, which shall by its perfection swamp all opposition. Whatever the upshot of this keen rivalry, players are bound to benefit by it.

A Chance for Inventors

The reward to the inventor of a better ball or club than any we have at present in use would be so great that the incentive to invention is constant and sharp. So far no alteration in the accepted shape of clubs has come about, and, in spite of Mr. Vaile's theories as to the proper place of the shaft being the centre of the head, I have great doubts whether this kind of club will ever come into general use, and if so, whether any advantage would be found in it. If a player could play all his shots from between his legs, as some players do at croquet, I should be all in favour of shafting the club into the centre of the head, so as to put the shaft in line with the point of impact. At neither of the Championships did I see a player of any prominence using anything but the ordinary scared or socketed club, nor do I see at present any likelihood of a startling departure from accepted shapes, either in wooden or iron clubs.

Many New Courses

Many new courses have been added during the past year, and the cry is "still they come." Municipalities seem to be waking up to the possibilities of golf as a factor in the national health, and the noble example of Edinburgh and Glasgow in the north, and Bournemouth in the south, is being followed by other towns on both sides of the border. London alone shows no sign of any attempt in this direction. Could not some noble-hearted millionaire secure tracts of waste land in the suburbs and set some of the unemployed to work in converting them into municipal courses for the artisans and toilers of the Metropolis? Such a gift to the Corporation and the London County Council would be a magnificent piece of philanthropy, one that would not only give increased employment to many in need of work at the moment, but would also provide for the health and amusement of a large class who are at present debarred from enjoying a game which has never brought to its votaries anything but harmless pleasure and increased bodily strength.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Actors v. Stock Exchange

A NEW YEAR'S GOLF TOURNAMENT AT BURNHAM BEECHES

Result: Stock Exchange Won by 3¾ Points on the Day's Play

Mr. Huntley Wright

Mr. Grahame Browne

The Rival Captains
Mr. C. N. Daniell and
Mr. Marsh Allen

Mr. H. Nye Chart

Mr. F. G. Leslie (Stock Exchange)

Mr. W. Douglas (Stock Exchange)

Sport of the Past Week

By H. S. SCRIVENER

The Dunn Cup

Saturday last was a poor day for outdoor games of all kinds. There was a great deal too much wind about, and many grounds were very spongy owing to the recent rains. Some, indeed, were flooded. At Queen's Club, where the Old Reptonians and Old Wellingburians played their Dunn Cup tie, the turf was in wonderfully good order considering all things, but the wind played some queer tricks, and was mainly responsible for the Old Reptonians' first goal. After they had forced a corner in the first few minutes, the ball went out to R. A. Young (outside right), who put in what was probably intended for a centre, but the ball was kicked high, and the wind, catching it sideways, turned it into a difficult dropping shot, which fell just clear of the bar into the extreme corner of the net. This was followed, about a quarter of an hour later, by a goal to G. S. Harris, who was in capital form in the centre, and then A. L. Mark, the Old Reptonians' outside left, sustained an injury to his leg and had to stop. Notwithstanding this loss, the Old Reptonians more than held their own. Their defence, in which Vickers and Bright were, perhaps, most prominent, was sound, and although Wellingborough often attacked, their play in front of goal was weak, and the Repton goalkeeper all through the game had but three or four fairly easy shots to deal with. On the other hand, the Repton forwards were always dangerous, and in the second half a series of attacks by Young and Birks on the right led up to several shots by Birks and Harris, which only just missed the mark, while Bryant (alone on the left wing) also did some good dribbling and passing. However, as it turned out, Repton's third and last goal was entirely due to Harris, who took the ball clean through from nearly half-way by a delightfully dodgy bit of dribbling, and wound up with a stinging left-foot shot all along the floor. In the other Dunn Cup tie at Highgate a close, but not specially interesting, game between the Old Cholmeleians and Old Felstedians resulted in a win for the former by 2 to 1.

Belgian Soccer

Following upon the visit of the two French Hockey teams earlier in the week, the best available team of Belgian Soccer players tackled the Corinthians at Leyton on Saturday, when the Englishmen paid them the compliment of a strong team and beat them by 12 goals to none. The Belgians, despite their heavy defeat (which, with such men as S. S. Harris, Vassall, Alexander, and S. H. Day against them, is hardly to be wondered at), showed plenty of ability individually, and their combination was by no means bad, but they were decidedly weak in front of goal.

Hockey

The chief hockey event of Saturday was the South *v.* West trial match, the *venue* of which had to be changed at the last minute from Tewkesbury to Cheltenham owing to the Tewkesbury ground being under water. The South had to do without Horne, their right back, and were thus a man

International Hockey at Teddington

L'Universitaire de France lost to Teddington (9 goals to 1) before 800 spectators on Monday, January 1. Our photograph shows Teddington getting away

short all through; but they managed to win nevertheless, owing to the superior speed and combination of their halves and forwards. Jordan scored in the first half and Jordan and Rees in the second, and the West failed to score at all. In club matches, Teddington beat Wimbledon by 2—0, and Surbiton, putting on a sudden spurt, scored 9 goals to 4 against Beckenham, while Kew *v.* Ealing, Barnes *v.* Kingston Hill, and Richmond *v.* Willesden, were all drawn games.

Rugger County Championship and the Next International

By their victory by 4 tries to nil over Somerset on Saturday, Devon have gained the top place in the South Western division for the third year in succession, and will, accordingly, play the Midlands for the Championship of the South. The International team to meet Wales next Saturday contains four Devon forwards, besides Jago, the half back, and altogether there are seven changes from the team which was beaten by the New Zealanders, the survivors of that *débacle* being Jackett (back), Shewring, Raphael, and Hind (three quarters), Gent (half), and Cartwright, Hammond, and Roberts (forwards). For Wales the same team is chosen as that which beat New Zealand, with one solitary change — Maddocks for Llewellyn at three-quarter. The formation, too, is to be the same, seven forwards and an extra back. England are apparently reverting to the eight forwards, but we must wait for the day before we can be sure as to that.

converted. Then, mainly through the resistless energy of Raphael, Keysman got in again under the posts, and Raphael kicked a goal. Before the end, Norman Spicer kicked a goal from a mark by Hosken, but this left the Taylors a point ahead. The United Services, aided by the wind, held a lead over the Scottish of a goal to a try at half-time, but after the change, in spite of good play by their forwards, they were gradually overborne, and finally well beaten by 3 goals and 4 tries to 1 goal. The Nomads made as good a fight against Richmond as they had done against Blackheath the week before. It was almost entirely a forward game, the conditions being all against good back play, and the difference was a goal, kicked by Alexander from a try by Chase, which was in its turn the outcome of a neat cross-kick by Aveling, to nothing. The London Welsh, with several of their best men away, were somewhat lucky to beat Lennox by 8 points to 3, for matters were all square at half-time, and Lennox had the wind in the second half, but failed to make use of the advantage, whereas Harding landed a goal from a try by Clay after a

Pelota: The Spanish national game at Olympia

Played on a court 200 feet long, with rubber-cored balls costing ten shillings apiece, "Pelota" is an exciting, but expensive pastime for the average sportsman

Rugger in London

After their somewhat disastrous holiday tour, their victory over the Old Leysians at Wandsworth by 2 goals to a goal from a mark and 2 tries came as a welcome change to the Old Merchant Taylors. They only scored one goal in the first half, with the wind to help them, through Keysman, and in the second the Leysians soon replied with a couple of tries (Holloway and M. Spicer), but, fortunately for the O.M.T.'s, neither was forward rush. Rosslyn Park, for whom Solans is making quite a name as a try-getter, were much stronger behind the scrum than London Hospital, and owed their victory by a goal and 2 tries to nil to this, for the forwards of the two teams were about evenly matched.

"Pelota" for the Plutocrat

The game of Pelota would seem to commend itself as a vehicle for private recreation to the multi-millionaire rather than to the man of moderate means. In the first place, it has to be played on a court some 200 feet long, and, in the second, the balls, which partake of the nature of golf balls in being rubber-cored, are costly and by no means durable. In an ordinary game between good players, as many as four or five of them will be used up; and their price is about 10*s.* apiece. Thank you. Let us go and play golf in the snow, or lawn tennis in the rain, and finish up with a little dinner at our favourite "pub."

Bridge: BY PROBLEMATICUS

THE PRIZEWINNERS OF OUR FIFTH COMPETITION ARE GIVEN BELOW

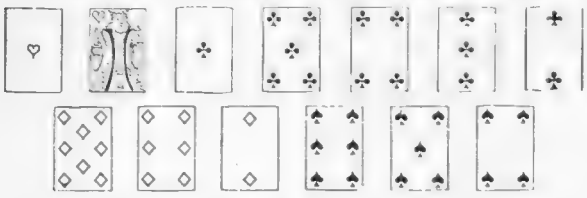
£7 7s. in Cash to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of Marks in the Eight Weekly Competitions.
First Prize (each week): Two Guineas.
SECOND AND THIRD PRIZES: "BYSTANDER" Bridge Case, value £1 1s.

EIGHTH WEEKLY COMPETITION

WHAT DO YOU DO AS DEALER, AND WHY?

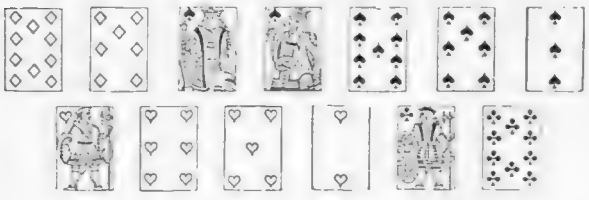
PROBLEM XXII.

Dealer, game and twenty-four; Adversaries, twenty.



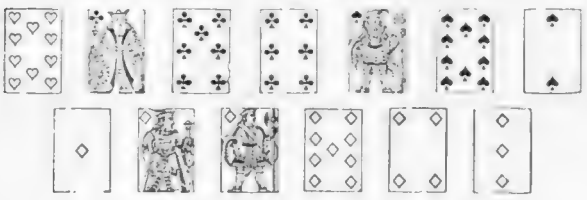
PROBLEM XXIII.

Dealer, twenty-six; Adversaries, a game and twenty-six.



PROBLEM XXIV.

Dealer, sixteen; Adversaries, twenty-four.



What You Have to Do

1. Herewith three problems are set. You have to answer them. Thus, if you think the right answer to a Problem is "Spades," take half a sheet of notepaper and write "Spades." After that, you write your reasons for the declaration.

2. Having written the answers to the three problems—with reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly, *and, in addition*, a *nom de guerre* under which your marks in the Eight Weeks' Competition may be published.

3. Having given your solutions of the week's problems in the method set forth above, then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines at the bottom of the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and pin this token to your solutions. These solutions must reach the office not later than the first post on Wednesday next, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked in the left top corner of the envelope "Competition."

4. Winners of a weekly prize are not eligible for another weekly prize *of the same value* during the Competition, though they are, of course, still eligible for the chief prize.

5. Competitors abroad, whose solutions reach us a reasonable time after the specified date, will nevertheless receive marks, and be eligible for prizes should they win them.

Fifth Weekly Competition

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTIONS

The 1st PRIZE, Two Guineas, has been awarded to:

Major W. Sykes-Banks, Depot Barracks, Dorchester.

The 2nd and 3rd PRIZES, BYSTANDER Bridge Cases, have been awarded to:

Howard Fry, Esq., St. John's College, Oxford.

E. A. Gregory, Esq., 10, Delamere Road, Wimbledon.

EIGHT WEEKS' COMPETITION. — The following are the marks gained by competitors for solving Problems XIII., XIV., XV., in our Eight Weeks' Competition:—

15, Blue, Dogger, Jan, Ranipet, Viking; 14, Auch, Caermol, Cherub, Coney Weston, Engineer H., Erin, Fen, Fernel, Gollywog, Hes, Isosceles, Mugwump, Nor'ands, Scalpel; 13, Ap Twn, Arzt, Gobaze, Long Compton, Noel, Pelican, P.M.S., Primrose, Special Scotch, Summer, Sunny Jim, Trixie, Ubique; 12, Captain Cuttle, Darkie, Eveline, Hills, Kirkland, Luppy, Mizpah, Not 'Arf, Noxious, Percy, Polly, Rieton, Watadam; 11, Alexander, Bunch, Cardinal, Chess, Cholmeleian, Da, Dew, Didums, Fantôme, Fuchsia, Ganmain, Hated Rival, Horatio, John Colton, Joker, Kit, L.S.P., Paddy, Pelham, Peter, Pons, Ray, Snoodles, Solon, Tansan, Willimoteswick, Wofile; 10, Aga, Austral, Bidian, Binkie, Chalet, H.A.W., Kingsnorth, L.S.D., Minatur, Notloup, Numeral, Sepoy, Trixrl, Vengeance, Wantacas; 9, Belladonna, Corin, Eblow, Edgbaston, Falcon, Garrison, Longbridge, Norland, Occasional, Tar Wallah, Waverley; 8, Garëka I., J.G.M., Lalla, Moth, Occasional, Otis, Poultry, Turquoise; 7, Beetle, Bydand, Dunsmore, Mashie, R.C.H., Sunshine, Travis, Vera; 6, Addie, Black Diamond, Martyr; 5, Albemarle, Cardata, Cliff, Domine, Fluffy, Imp, Our Emma, Stine, Temple, Tom Tit; 4, 'Bunnie, Chieftain, James, Kathleen, Kithogue, Quill.

SOLUTIONS

PROBLEM XIII.—No-trumps. This is not the time to consider the 48 for the four honours in diamonds, but to go for the game, of which a diamond call gives you no chance unless your partner holds all the leading clubs and spades. In no-trumps you lay down five certain tricks and a possible spade and a possible club. If your partner is strong in either clubs, or spades, or hearts, you should go out. You ask but little from him.

PROBLEM XIV.—Hearts. You need the odd trick, and hearts is the only suit which makes your hand of any value; with hearts trumps, it becomes a probable four-trick hand. It is no time for a defensive spade, which is the proper call on the hand at an earlier stage in the game; and the chance of making two tricks in clubs is small indeed.

PROBLEM XV.—Spades. There is no little temptation to call no-trumps; but the hand requires too much luck to make it worth more than two tricks; and the dealer has shown you, by leaving it, that he has not the red suits. The chance of saving the game is small, the chance of making two by tricks very small. It is much better to play for safety; for unless you do make two by tricks in no-trumps, your adversaries will be just as well off, and you will have risked their going out on this hand to very little purpose.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

It is a little difficult to contemplate with perfect equanimity the fortunate folk who, with the turn of the year, take unto themselves wings—in the shape of a *train de luxe*—and fly to the delights of the *Côte d'Azur*. The Riviera season is ever a subject of interest and some complexities, and to those unversed in its ways and diverse attractions, it is conceivable a sojourn there might be monotonous rather than momentous.

Society is cut up into innumerable sections, each one a law unto itself, and affording a fund of psychological interest to the observant eye and mind. For the latest sartorialism one watches the French "half world," who, with characteristic courage, essay the modes of to-morrow and congregate, for the most part, in and about Monte Carlo. At Cannes, there is come to be collected a representative English society contingency, which includes such names as Lord and Lady Brougham, and Miss "Baba," the Wiles, the Hatzfeldts, etc., who lunch, dine, and bridge-party each other with all the regularity of a London routine, varying, however, this daily round and common task by constant afternoon visits to the tables at Monte Carlo. The comparatively recently opened Golf Club at Cannes has provided fresh diversion for the English visitors, and at the Club House there, a smart woman or pretty, popular débutante may gauge her success by the breakfasts given up in her honour. And all the time—

> The Stars perform their shining,
> And the sea its long moon silvered roll,
> For, self poised, these live, nor pine with noting
> All the fever of some differing soul.

Shopping on the Riviera

On the face of things, some may be led to wonder as to the mercantile wisdom of opening a shop for three or four months, as is the way with several leading Paris houses, at Monte Carlo and Nice. But we may rest assured that if the venture did not pay it would very soon cease to be. Now, as a matter of fact, money easily won at the tables is as equally lightly disbursed at the shops, who reap a short, sharp harvest by the maintenance of frequently prohibitive prices.

I am tempted, however, in a spirit of justice, to mention one notable exception in the case of articles manufactured and supplied by our own particular Messrs. Briggs and Sons, of umbrella fame, and St. James's Street. Encouraged by the success attending their Paris depôt, 33, Avenue de l'Opéra, the firm have granted a certain Mr. Harvey their sole agency at Nice, with the proviso that the standard of prices in Paris holds equally good at Nice. Mr. Harvey's address is 6, Place du Jardin Public, and there, this season, the début will be made of the latest thought in *En-cas*, a delightful inspiration on the part of Messrs. Briggs, who have elaborated, in their own inimitable way, the red umbrellas with striped borders, carried by the Italian peasants.

Supplemented by those fascinating pig-skin handles, it is pretty well a foregone conclusion that these smart red *En-cas* will be carried by all representative society, French alike with English, on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, adding thereby yet another pillar to the fame of the house of Briggs and Sons.

A Retrospect and Its Promises

The pause occasioned by the sales, at present devastating the land, incline those of us who are in any way fastidious to a retrospective mood. This looking backwards, preliminary to stepping forwards, is one of the wisest procedures imaginable where dress is concerned. Only in such manner is realisation brought home to us what vogues have stood, and are likely to stand, the test of time, a consideration that brings prominently to the fore the curtailed sleeve. That this will continue in favour, there cannot possibly be any shadow of doubt, although it is given to one to hope that more discretion will be used as to the correct length for day wear, which is carried below the elbow, or, as a French contemporary descriptively explains, the elbow reclines in the sleeve. This I regard as an item of paramount interest, and one, properly observed, that will effectually preclude any further unpleasant spectacles of prominent red joints. Furthermore, my prophetic instinct is persuaded as to the value of the *gigot*, sloped gracefully to a termination midway between elbow and wrist, as a tailoring accessory. For evening wear, sleeves are likely to become smaller and smaller and beautifully less, merely, in fact, artistic incidents.

The revival of the old-fashioned figure, as the accentuation of the natural waist-line is termed, under the direct auspices of the Princesse gown and corselet skirt, has certainly determined the wholesale acceptance of the ordinary skirt, close fitting about the hips; not necessarily, however, cut flat, as both pleats and cordings are still in evidence, but arranged to achieve that ultimate appearance. At the same time, there is a rumour afloat, how a big effort is being made to keep the train in abeyance for evening as well as day wear, toward which end are *jupes* cut very full at the foot and long all round. Frankly, so far as evening modes are concerned, I find myself able to take very small credence of this report, while, on the other hand, may-be, the wish is father to the thought, that the curtailed vogue for day wear will in all probability declare itself an accepted fact. The trend has certainly been that way for the past six months.

Over the ubiquitous position already obtained by the corselet skirt there is again cause for pause. Will the fancy live the spring through? is a question

A Riviera restaurant toilette

(Original sketch by K. Pleydel Young)

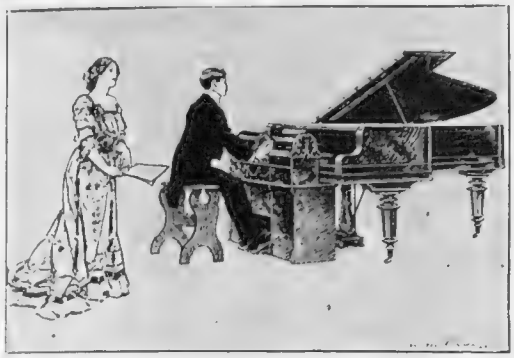
upon many lips. Myself, I think it will, since it is of the *genre* of the blouse, bolero, and sacque coatee—three representative standard fashions that continue to hold their own steadily through endless changes and vicissitudes. Naturally, it will depend somewhat on how the vogue is plagiarised, for it is most unlikely we shall be spared the sight of deplorable caricatures, corselets sinking concertina-wise above badly defined hips, and the like catastrophes. There is no disguising the important fact, that the revived waist exacts an immaculate corset, and that is just where the populace will fail, and the corselet skirt, of a consequence, be privileged to continue a successful career. And the Riviera will determine much.

A Riviera Restaurant Toilette

An exquisite example is here illustrated of the Empire mode in black mousseline, mounted over white, and enhanced by *entredeux* of Chantilly lace, embroideries of jet and silver, and festooned draperies of black ribbon velvet. Draperies of velvet again suggest the short corsage, the fronts opening on an embroidered vest, supplemented by an exceedingly deep tucker of white tulle, and tulle ruffles finish the short sleeve *pouf* of embroidered mousseline.

Shoolbred's Sale

The authorities at Tottenham House are among those who believe in a short, sharp, brisk sale as the best means of effecting the clearance end in view. And in this regard they certainly hold the record, three days sufficing for the event this year, respectively, the 15th, 16th, and 17th of this month. Throughout every department the reductions are generous in the extreme, and while a visit on the first day certainly permits one a larger choice, on the last day there is the advantage of still further reduced prices. It stands apart, does this sale of Messrs. Shoolbred, as an enterprise of unique character, and wholly desirable in every way. The bargains are phenomenal, and the goods of a genuine clearance order. To particularise the mantle department may seem a little invidious, but that is such an all-important feature of the drapery, and the enforced maintenance of a large stock of models necessarily means exceptional reductions. And the outfitting never fails to provide the far-seeing with dainty dressing-gowns, jackets, peignoirs, and lingerie at undreamt-of prices, while the glove counter may be drawn on with every confidence, the lowered value of the stock affording no idea of the unrivalled qualities of the goods.



Something to Remember about the PIANOLA.

NO name of any famous musician is ever included in a Pianola advertisement unless the artiste has actually endorsed the instrument in writing. Many of them have also provided interpretations of their favourite compositions for the Metrostyle Pianola.

Were it not for the aid of Paderewski, Strauss, Grieg, Elgar, Chaminade, and many others equally famous, the Metrostyle Pianola would not be the success it is. For these artistes have provided special interpretations of their favourite compositions by means of the Metrostyle, which, in turn, places them at the disposal of everyone who owns a Pianola.

No amount of elaborate and misleading phrase-twisting can alter the fact that the Metrostyle Pianola alone permits of renderings being given according to the actual playing of the highest authorities.

You can find no more entertaining and artistic way of playing the piano than with the Pianola.

You owe it to yourself, therefore, when purchasing a piano-player, to see that it is a Metrostyle Pianola. You will then have the satisfaction of knowing that you have the best piano-player that money can buy.

You are invited to call at Æolian Hall, and in any case write for Catalogue **B.**

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H.M. KING EDWARD VII.
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150 BATHROOMS.

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A Woman's Note Book

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has been writing on the cringing little vice of mock-modesty, in connection with which he says: "Nothing is more pitiful than the cant objection to a man laughing at his own jokes. If a man may not laugh at his own jokes, at whose jokes may he laugh? May not an architect pray in his own cathedral?"

True; for if the man does not think his jokes funny, he commits a social blunder in offering them to the public as amusement; but if, in the amiability of his disposition, he caters for the general entertainment, what purpose is served by the fact that he feigns to think himself boring, and is the only person who may not enter into the merriment he has created? The man (or woman) who hides behind his own book, art, hospitality, manners, accomplishments, or witticisms, and peeps out to say weakly, "I beg your pardon," is a blot upon his character and work, and deserves the retort, "Then why on earth did you do it?" It is far preferable to see a little honest *over* self-appreciation—for we must own it is exceedingly difficult to hit a happy medium. Who has not been to exhibitions—handicrafts, art, needlework, etc.—and noticed the proud mock-modesty of contributors, ignoring everyone else's talent, while they sidle up to their own work of genius, pretending they do not see it, disclaiming they can like it, blushing when it is mentioned. Horrid creatures!

After all, why not like what you do yourself—especially if you do it nicely? Women are greater humbugs in this respect than men, and use the mock-modesty shield far oftener. I think this is, perhaps, because they look on a thing from within. For instance, what a man does he considers as an achievement apart from the point of view for which it was performed—is it useful, artistic, suited to its purpose?—while a woman regards it almost exclusively as *my* work, *my* talent, and from the love of *me* worships it too intimately, guesses at her failing, becomes ashamed, and takes refuge behind the don't care or shame-faced policy. In such minor particulars women are decidedly the worse egoists.

But there is another reason which seems to forbid women to become frank admirers of their own talents and attractions: it is the extremes to which other women go. We are not naturally general admirers; but have a fearful predilection for putting our own work first, regardless of merit. Of course, this is natural in itself, and when only permitted within certain limits, fairly harmless. We do not, for instance, expect a woman to love any other baby like her own; but it rather detracts from her fascinations as a mother if we find that because her baby has a straight nose, she cannot see any strange baby's features to be beautiful. It is the same with accomplishments. If a girl does anything well, and knows it, she spoils herself and the attractions of her work by any pretence of humility; but she spoils herself even more if she cannot recognise anyone else's talent also. It is a question of an honest good-fellowship, which up to the present exists far more satisfactorily between men than women. The ideal woman in this particular is one who is willing to see merit, whether her own or another's, impartially, who is pleased, instead of envious, to find work as good as hers, and can show sincerity by a frank admission when she is surpassed in merit, even though it may be in her pet hobby or particular attraction.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: TWO USEFUL SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

Chicken or Turkey Quenelles
Mould of Pheasant à la Russe

Chicken or Turkey Quenelles

Remove all skin and bones from a chicken or remains of roast or boiled turkey. Put into a saucepan a gill of water, a pinch of salt, and a small piece of butter. When boiling, stir in as much flour as will form a paste. When it is cooked and smooth, put it away to get cold, then take half the quantity of butter that you have of chicken, and half the quantity of paste you have of butter. Put the paste into a mortar, pound it well, then add the butter, pound it again, then add the chicken and pound all again for ten minutes, add one whole egg and the yolks of three, salt, pepper, and a little grated nutmeg. Work all well together, pass through a wire sieve, and stir in half a gill of cream. Shape the quenelles with two tablespoons; place them in a well-buttered sauté-pan, leaving a clear space on one side. Put a good pinch of salt in that space, then pour in sufficient boiling water to cover the quenelles, and leave them to poach for ten minutes. Drain them carefully on a sieve, and serve with tomato sauce.

Mould of Pheasant à la Russe

Thinly line a plain oval mould with aspic jelly. When set, mask it all round with a brown sauce made thus: Take half a pint of aspic jelly, two tablespoonfuls of brown sauce flavoured with a little game gravy, ½ oz. of glaze, a tablespoonful of marsala, and a saltspoonful of sugar. Place this in a saucepan, and boil it till it is reduced, carefully skimming the whole time; then pass through a sieve and use. Next fill up the mould with a purée of pheasant, made of 6 oz. of pounded cooked pheasant, mixed with two tablespoonfuls of brown sauce, a little game gravy, half a pint of aspic jelly, and half a pint of marsala. Pass all this through a sieve, and when cool pour it slowly and gently into the mould. When sufficiently cold or iced, turn it out on a silver dish. Fill the centre with a macédoine of vegetables in mayonnaise sauce, and sprinkle over the vegetables the white of a hard-boiled egg which has been through the sieve, and serve.

EMILIA.

"Please, M'm, the Butcher"

A cookery book is a necessity in every household, but, unfortunately, there are few of them that do more than tell you how to make a dish when you have thought of the dish. I am sure, therefore, every housekeeper and cook will welcome a new book I have received from Mr. Fisher Unwin, called "Please, M'm, the Butcher" (price 6*s.* net). It is a large, thick book, and it contains complete menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, for every day in the year. In addition to these, there are fifty-two additional menus for dinners without meat, and for every dish given in the menus throughout the year there is a short and clear recipe. I think no householder should be without this most valuable publication.

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

Politics and Petrol

Motors are in demand for the General Election. Candidates, whether they dislike cars or not, want them badly for the polling days. Transit facilities do affect the result, and every owner of a car should remember it. It is difficult to refuse assistance to a friend or a candidate with whom one is in sympathy; but to do any good, motorists must hang together. Although the power of motorism is increasing, it is still small. The present election affords us an opportunity of consolidating and combining the motor interest. As individuals we are helpless, acting together we shall develop power. At the forthcoming election, and at every bye-election, not a single motor-car should be lent to any candidate who is not sound on the speed-limit question.

Questions for Candidates

The Automobile Club has lately put forward a series of questions for candidates. They are four in number, namely:—

1. When the Motor-Car Act of 1903 comes before Parliament for renewal, will you vote for the abolition of all artificial speed limits, as such limits are calculated to relieve drivers of their responsibility to drive at all times and under all conditions with caution and consideration?

2. Will you vote for an amendment providing that the endorsement of licences shall be confined to serious offences, and be within the discretion of the magistrates?

3. Will you support a measure requiring the universal lighting of all vehicles after dark, so that they show a white light in the direction in which they are travelling, and a red light in the contrary direction?

4. Will you support a Bill giving effect to the principal recommendations of the Departmental Committee on Highways, and establishing a central authority to advise and assist the local road authorities.

Insist on the Abolition of the Speed Limit

Of course, if Parliament took a sensible view of the motor question, all these reasonable demands would be embodied in a Bill. But let us remember that Parliament, when it had the chance, refused to give us a reasonable Bill. We have all suffered from the restrictions put upon us, and we want matters put right, and put right quickly. If any motorist is asked for the loan of his car, for the benefit of his fellow motorists he must insist on question number one—let the other three questions slide, but have a satisfactory answer to the speed limit question. In combination we shall get rid of that objectionable twenty-mile limit many months sooner than if we consulted our individual feelings. In some cases personal reasons may make it easier to lend your car than to refuse. Remember then the wretched condition of affairs last summer, and harden your heart. Keep in mind the scores of police traps. Don't forget the thousands of pounds extracted from car-owners in the shape of unnecessary fines.

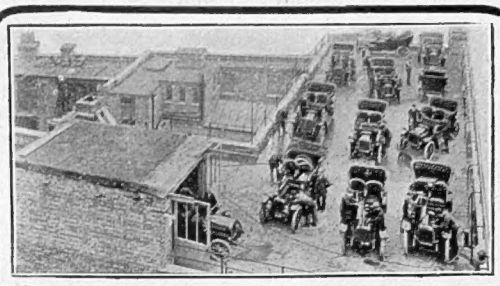
Candidates Dislike Promising

It seems hard to worry a candidate with further questions. They are all overworked, and although anxious for motors, don't want to promise anything.

"Chronicle" cars, for Electioneering

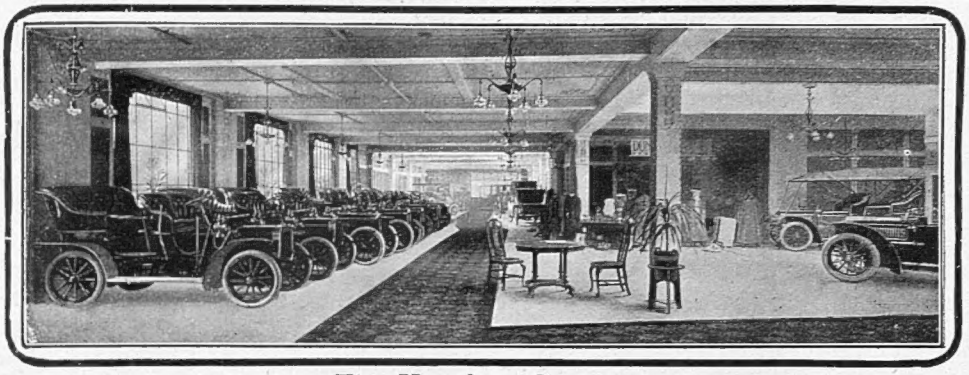
In order to fully report the forthcoming election, the *Daily Chronicle* has engaged no less than thirty motor-cars

Cars of all powers ready for IMMEDIATE DELIVERY from stock.



ROOF, WHERE CARS ARE WASHED.

Cars of all powers ready for IMMEDIATE DELIVERY from stock.



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Messrs. DUNHILL, Ltd., have opened a Branch Establishment in our Showrooms, with a full range of their well-known Motor Clothing, etc.

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SEGARS

ARE DISTINCTLY ENJOYABLE.

To smoke an F.D.B. Segar is to know what excellent value can be obtained under certain circumstances—those being just the buying and smoking of that particular Segar.

— OF ALL PRINCIPAL DEALERS —
But
BEWARE OF INFERIOR IMITATIONS.

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Gibbs' Soap is the oldest, the purest, and the best. It makes a lot of difference in the shaving. Try it! Dealers give free samples to all who ask.

GIBBS'
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Can be had in sticks in two sizes, or in cakes.
D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Est. 1712), City Soap Works, E. D. & H.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE
DRINK THE

RED WHITE & BLUE

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.
In making use less quantity it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

"I'll take a reasonable view of the matter," one man told me, "but I don't care to promise off-hand." Well, that won't do; we had quite enough vague assurances before the present Motor Bill was rushed through Parliament. On that occasion, to speak plainly, we were had. Nobody quite knew why. It was nobody's fault — it never is. It was distinctly understood that, in return for the motor interest agreeing as to numbers, the speed limit was to be at least as high as thirty miles an hour. Business methods obtain at Westminster, as elsewhere. Nobody gets much just by asking—there must be strength behind your request. Bills are passed for the brewers, or the Church, or some other particular section, more or less in accordance with the power that that particular section possesses. As an eminent Conservative statesman well put it, "Political parties look after their friends." An interest may require some perfectly reasonable measure passed, but it will often be ignored unless that interest is in earnest.

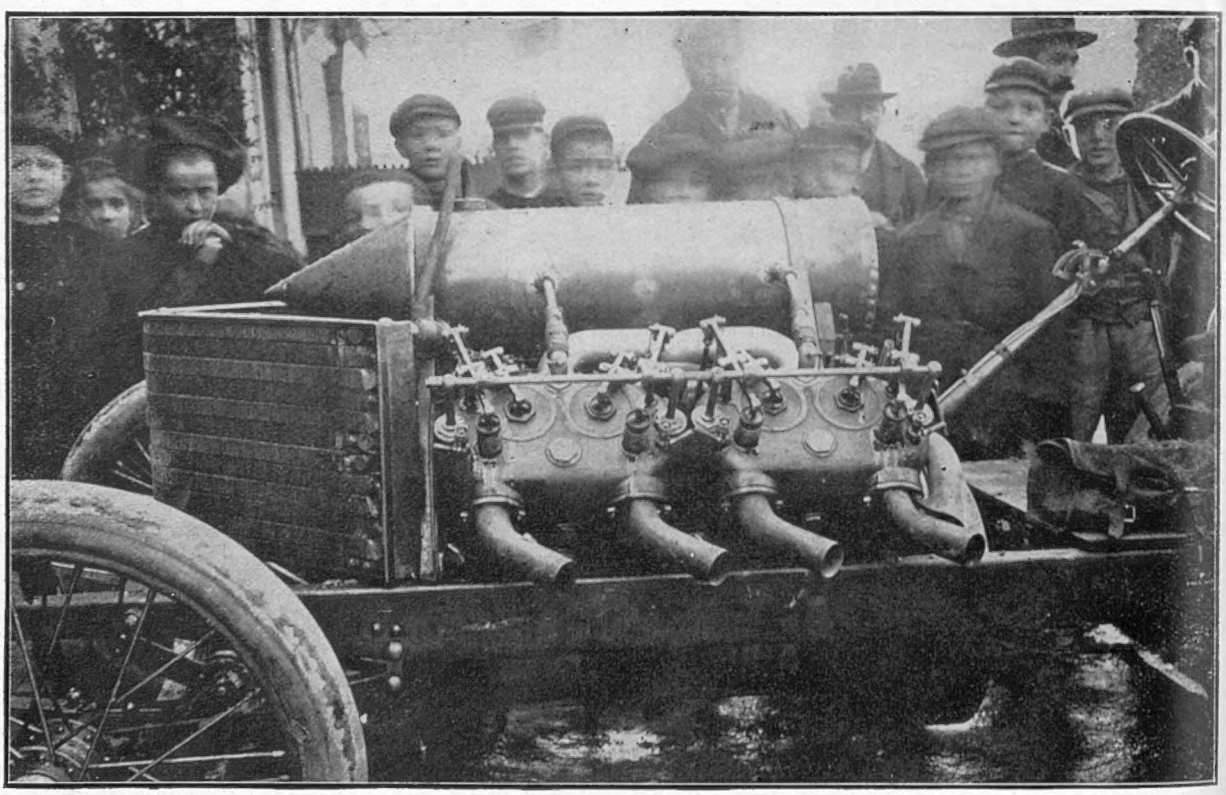
We Ask Nothing Unreasonable

Mind, too, we ask nothing unreasonable. We only want ordinary common-sense justice. There isn't anyone who has studied the question, who will not agree that the state of affairs last summer was ridiculous. Police traps, worked by inexperienced police time-keepers, were set on all the main roads. Motorists, either on business or pleasure bent, driving in the most harmless manner, were caught, they were never listened to by the magistrates, they were fined right and left, and compelled—oftentimes at great inconvenience—to attend distant parts of the country weeks after the offence. Think, too, of the waste of energy—magistrates, police, motorists, they all have their time wasted. For the law is broken just the same as ever. Does the motorist who is caught travelling over the limit cease from doing it? Not a bit of it. He goes out again in his car and breaks the law as often as he did before. The only thing he does, perhaps, is to be careful to consult the list of traps published in the papers. Nor is it any disgrace to be caught. Everyone breaks the law; those who get caught are only sympathised with. Police traps are like punctures or burst tyres—if you motor you must put up with them; a kind of necessary evil. Unless something is done, next season promises to be just as bad, if not worse, than last summer. Only last week the police were out skulking behind trees and fences on the Ripley road. For sure as the fine weather approaches, the same silly business will begin again. We may not be successful in ending it, but, at any rate, let us try. Therefore, I say again to every car-owner, resolutely refuse your car to any man who is not willing to abolish the speed limit.

A Record Broken

Motor records are short-lived—they seem only to be made to be broken. That useless thing, the flying kilomètre record, has got into trouble again. It happened on a piece of straight road near Arles—a piece of road which is said to be recognised by the Automobile Club de France as level. The previous record for this kilomètre is $21\frac{2}{5}$ secs., and the man responsible for the destruction of the record was Hemery, of Vanderbilt Cup fame. Clinging to the wheel of a Darracq, fitted with a monster 200 h.-p. engine, he flew over the measured distance in $20\frac{3}{5}$ secs.—$108\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. The motor had no less than eight cylinders, two 100 h.-p. engines in combination, set opposite each other in the shape of a V.

ALFRED C. HUNTER.



Photo] **An eight-cylindered racing Darracq** *[Topical Agency*

This car, with Hemery at the wheel, travelling at $108\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, broke the record for the flying kilomètre. The torpedo-shaped tank above the cylinder is the water reservoir

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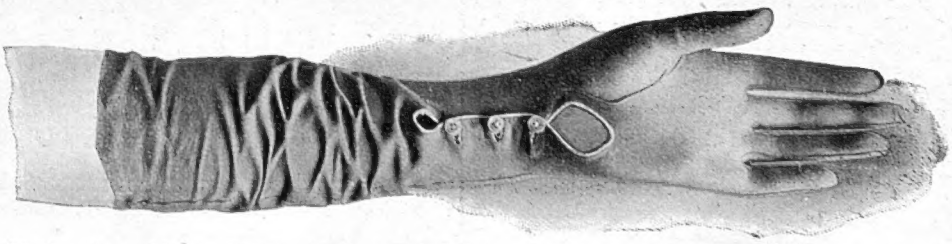

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Write for Glove Price List containing a page showing various colours.
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The Editor's Box

Garrick Theatre

On the occasion of the one hundredth performance of *The Merchant of Venice*, which takes place at the Garrick Theatre this evening (January 10), Mr. Arthur Bourchier will present to every member of the audience an exceptionally choice souvenir of this notable production. The paintings have been executed by that clever artist, Mr. Charles Buchel, and a preface has been especially written by Mr. Alan Mackinnon. The memento will be an extremely handsome one, and to those who are real lovers of the Immortal Bard it will be a delightful acquisition. Mr. Bourchier has decided that whenever it is necessary to replace Shakespeare's play, its successor will be Mr. Leo Trevor's new version of his military comedy, *Brother Officers*, in which Mr. Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh will sustain their original characters of John Hinds and the Baroness Roydon respectively. Great care will be taken in the selection of the other parts, the casting of which will be almost entirely new. It is the memory of the very hearty reception which was accorded this play when Mr. Bourchier gave it on three occasions in aid of charities last summer that has decided him to make it his next production, and he is most fortunate in having the valuable services of Colonel Newnham-Davis to watch over all the details of the military trappings, etc., so that they may be absolutely correct.

Scala Theatre

The management of the Scala Theatre have arranged with Mr. W. W. Kelly to produce W. G. Will's world-famous drama, *A Royal Divorce*, on Saturday, January 13, at eight o'clock (with matinées every Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30). The cast will include Miss Edith Cole as "Josephine," Mrs. Cecil Raleigh as "Marie Louise," Miss Dolores Drummond, etc. Mr. Frank Lister will be the "Napoleon," and Messrs. George W. Cockburn, T. P. Haynes, F. Joynsen-Powell, and Frederick Powell, will play important parts. Other interesting engagements are pending.

A Royal Divorce has not been played at a West End theatre for many years; originally produced in London in 1890, it has been running continuously ever since, and is undoubtedly the most popular play ever written.

The system of booking at any time a numbered reserved seat in any part of the house, from 1*s.* in the gallery to the usual 10*s.* 6*d.* stall, has been most successful. The carefully thought-out seating arrangement ensures everyone an excellent view of the stage, thus achieving the solution of the almost impossible problem of pleasing everybody, while to still further this end the management propose introducing intermediate prices of 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.*, 4*s.*, 5*s.*, etc., so that anyone's purse may be accommodated.

Aldwych Theatre

The new theatreland will be one of the sights of the Metropolis. It was remarked during the holidays what crowds of visitors flocked to the new theatres which have sprung up during the past year. The most recent—the Aldwych Theatre—is a beautiful example of the luxury and comfort of the modern theatre. The interior decorations, by Messrs. Waring and Gillow, Ltd., mark something of a new departure. The aim of the artists has been to get away from the florid and often garish ornament of the French styles, and to produce an *ensemble* characterised by a combination of dignity, perfect taste, and repose. In order to give effect to this aim, the early Georgian style has been adopted—Georgian, that is, before it degenerated into an operose and over-elaborate display of ornament. The modelled plaster decoration employed to embellish the flat surfaces of the theatre has an undoubted quality of richness, but it never sinks to the level of excess, or gets lost in an intricate maze of fussiness. The eye is not burdened by masses of colour; everything is chaste, restful, and judicious. Then as a foil to the brilliancy of cream and gold, the fine *rose du Barri* shade of the carpets and upholstery is as admirable as it is artistic. The foyer is *en suite* with the auditorium, and the corridors, grand saloon, and other parts of the building are carried out with just as careful a regard for accuracy of style, and with the same delightful scheme of colour. The foyer and grand saloon are further embellished with medallion portraits—one of Lady Hamilton and the other of Mrs. Siddons.

Our Worldly Short Stories

We hope our readers will order their copy of next week's issue (January 17) in good time, as it contains a powerful worldly story from the pen of Maarten Maartens, and there can be no reprints after the issue is sold out.

Court Studio

The photographic business of Miss Kate Pragnall, who has frequently supplied THE BYSTANDER with admirable photographs of celebrities, has, we are informed, been taken over by Miss Alice M. Stewart at the same address, Court Studio, 39, Brompton Square, to whom we tender our best wishes for her continuance of Miss Pragnall's success.

Spiritualism

Sir Oliver Lodge is writing an introduction for a small volume on "Spiritualism," by Mr. E. T. Bennett, of the Society for Psychical Research, to be issued immediately. The volume, which will contain several illustrations, will form one of the "Shilling Scientific Series" which Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack are issuing.

The "Winter" Ball

The "Winter" Ball in aid of the funds of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women will be held at the Empress Rooms, Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, W., on Thursday, January 11, 1906, under the distinguished patronage of the Princess of Wales, the Princess Royal, the Duke of Connaught, K.G., the Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyle), Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Connaught, and the Duke of Fife, K.G. Tickets, £1 5*s.* each, including champagne supper, can only be obtained through a patroness or the Hon. Secretary for the Ball. Refreshments will be served throughout the evening.

Notice to Our Subscribers

The Title-page and Index to Volume VIII. of THE BYSTANDER can be had free on application to the Publisher, Tallis Street, E.C., enclosing 1*d.* to cover cost of postage.

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